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THE JOURNAL

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The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

Edited by A. Delaplaine

ICARUS AND I

And now that I
And many years
In the same bed
Here do lie –
Autumn seems like all the year.
I walk in rhythm
To non-tempoed thoughts
That are far and veiled,
Like pages of ancient books.
My face withered, and body frail
As grass that's trampled under foot.
I look back on mem'ries
Leaning on a cane,
As Oedipus answered;
I have three feet,
And two in pain.
The days of golden beams
Strung from the sun
Have tarnished
And fallen, one by one,
What magic once was part of me
With all good times placed
Within my reach
And I was king, of earth and space,
Naught of advice did I seek
And none accepted
I had all there was to have,
Easy fortune I expected.
But dust is servant to the wind
As hope and fancy well have been
Blown away in a cavern's shadow.
Replaced with bent back and cane,
It is I who must bear my conscience's stain;

And still I sing a last refrain:
The days of golden beams
Strung from the sun
Have tarnished . . .
And fallen . . . one . . . by one.
Have tarnished and fallen
To the sea, my wings melted by the sun,
Like Icarus,
He and I are one.

CHICAGO (SUMMER)

The wind
bounc-
es
off concrete mountains,
and blows
the
pigeons
about
like
leaves.

u & i

When u & i walk
we need not speak
our steps touch each other

FOR H. S.

I was thinking about the sun
When you came shining,
And your smile
Made the rain
Turn into flowers.

I smiled too,
And rainbow dreams
Bathed my eyes
In colors.

And we smiled together,
'cause we both had
the same dream.

IN A LOST LAND

In a lost land beleaguered for the lack of love we must search every street, every alley and every door for a way back to the happy land, a land where we can regain all that was lost when we as children spoke our first word. Knowing that that word released momentarily all the pent-up, unexpressed emotions imprisioned in our already frustrated minds. We search knowing that after that word is spoken our minds will never again be satisfied with words.

From childhood we, wishing to speak in the heart's unspoken language, try to say that which makes the tongue useless.

We cry out to the world until the sound dies in our throats and in the distance echoes empty, lost and unanswered.

Can there be no peace? Can there be no peace from the searching for that lost innocence of life that is trampled in today's mad rush to find happiness?

We search knowing that that language is as elusive as the union of a bird and its reflection skimming the surface of a mirrored lake in late afternoon.

Still we search for that language, that answer, knowing we must spend the rest of our days yearning for that essence of innocence that only death can create.

"Oh lost, and by the wind-grieved, ghost came back again!"

THE RIVER GIRLS

The women are at the river washing
The air with their laughter that flies
Beyond the forest to the darker caverns
Unexplored. It will fill the windless skies
As the night takes the earth in its lover's embrace.

But in the forest, the laughing children run
Through the silver strands of early dusk
As the day fades slowly in retreat, mocking
The darkness of its own subjection.

The men sharpen spears on river stones
Bleached white by the burning sun. To hunt
In the forest of the dawn they must journey
Beyong the laughing naked children leaving
The warmth of the river girls behind.

I seek to find my place among the ancients
Of time as overfilled pockets of laughter transform
My dreams to ash and sleepy joyous deeds echoe
Over deep green waters to an empty shore
Beyond the naked children of the river girls.

THE PARK

On quiet grey-haze afternoons
When old men lean on hand worn canes
Talking of death in the wind and cluttered parks
On Sunday afternoons: young lovers feed squirrels
And smile at their quiet vaccum in time while
Children play hide-and-seek.

THOUGHTS

Want not, wish not, then hope not. And we really do not live. Love is an imperfection of today, need is an indefinite objective. But both are related and both exist. For where there is real need there is love. And where there is real love there is real need.

Perhaps each day I can learn to lean more towards a righteous path. Perhaps every day I can be nice to my enemies. Perhaps every day I can work hard, fair, & clean. Then if I rid myself of all, perhaps each day will be a better day.

A man was troubled over whether he should lend to another man a large sum of money. What I had learned I was glad to say: "look first at his hands to see if they are those of a working man. Then let God look at his heart."

When I stop and think of God and allow his presence near, I calm myself and my troubles begin to clear.

A man is not what he says he is unless he has done all that he says he can do.

WINTERING--AWAY

brown leaves are at feet
from a
dead-
ly fall.

Octobercoloredbrisking wind
Whips-slaps
Whistles stall.

No more time it seems
for the gods love and play
and breathlessly
I lie stiffly
on the ground.

HARANGUE

Across the silence
the mystic lute weaves its normal aire;
Romance past blasphemes—
rejoined with never-cares of lifeless stares.
My soul swells, but my feet are ebbed,
nevermore to—

GODMADJESUSMIND!

.....and as she lay her edifice of luxury
next to my own hottentot, she murmered
"Fie, and hark ye yet
the lower layered litter."

MEYER OF SPARTANBURG

Twinkle-busy pumper-nozin
Mottled-berry snooze,
Sackin-racken handin-backen
Studebaker lose;
Un-indundin morgundazle—
Jaizle! Four door blues . . .
Indy-axle, bail and traxle
Base-x-10's no flew.

Geezen-gumpers jelly rumpers
Knockwurst burger — plain,
Cheezer heezer bouncer-greezer
(Dills and bills to blame;)
Pick and shoffle split to Woeffle
Never two insane,
Forty nays and forty mights
Twinkle-nickle Jane.

WARD No. 6

Round conception of Earth and Air
baits the mind with peaked mountain and tapered tree,
ignorant of edged and serpent sea,
grasping Earth-Bottom -
just as perched bat quiescently
pursues sleep
while
retarded fishes refuse to fall
from waters defiant of topsy-turvy antipode

And where might live
Christ and friends
able to nurture such a bulb
with mountains and trees and retarded seas
in need of rain from Above ?

Round conception of Earth and Air
challenges the mind with Pyrenees boulder – razed timber Earth thuds,
and dauntless Genoans
and suggestions of apples
DECIMATED
by primitive Canton rocket claps
and wing intentioned brothers
and capsuled Friendship
and where might sojourn
christ and friends
able to monitor such a sphere
with mountains and trees and retarded
seas, in need of rain from Above ?

Round conception of Air and Earth
destroys the mind with sun centered infinity
painting black on cold,
disturbed only by moaning
death stars – Above.

Round conception of Earth and Air amuses the mind.
Round conception of Earth and Air delights the mind.

Round conception of Air and Earth.

FLESH SEERS

flesh seers
lips hiss (whispers of terror)
fingers paralyze in frantic contortions
witnessed only by dying eyes
and man says how
and child says why
and the dead will be forgotten

EVERYBODY LOVES A POOR MAN

Old one armed Nigger
Bouncin' down the road in his pickup truck
Honks and waves and smiles his way along the road - - -
"How you doin', neighbor?"
Shuffles down the side walk with a box of groceries under that
good arm - - -
"Hey, Old Man. How are you?"
"Oh, jes' fine, Junior. How 'bout yuhself?"
"O.K., I guess, still workin' an' tryin' t' save a little bit."
"Aw, c'mon, you know dey ain't noa use in dat. Cain't save
nuthin' much dese days. Lawd! You know ev'rythang's gone
so high! I jes' hope 'n' pray d' Lawd's gonna take keer
uv us."
"Yeah, I guess tha's 'bout all we c'n do."

Shorty, he sold papers for a long time.
He was a midget, y' know.
He didn't have no money - nuthin' t' speak of - - -
He lived with his sister, I think - - -
An' when he got sick, the paper he worked for always asked for
donations for him.
He was a nice ol' guy - humble, friendly - most of the time -
Never hurt nobody I know of.
Shorty, he got sick - - the paper asked for s'more donations - - -
They paid the hospital bill,
But Shorty died anyway.
Everyone said Shorty was their friend and how much they loved him - - -
I wonder how many of them friends even bothered to go to the funeral.
It was all right as long as they could sit home
And write deductable charity checks
And soothe their souls inside their nice, warm beds
While Shorty's lyin' in some damn box in a little plot of frozen
earth.
They had an article tellin' about Shorty's death in the paper,
An' a picture of him sellin' them crummy papers out in front of
the drugstore!
Standin' out there in all kinds of weather with no more 'n that
old green jacket on,

An' that old green cap with his hearin' aid cord runnin' up under his
earmuffs,
An' him shiverin' an' shiftin' from side to side tryin' t' keep
warm,
An' his face would brighten up, an' he'd start rockin' 'n' sway-
in' a little faster when someone spoke to him
Or bought a paper from him - - -
Some of his friends, y'know.

When he died, they put an honor paper machine in the place
where Shorty used to sell his papers -
One o' them coin-operated jobs -
The Shorty (or whatever his real name was) Memorial Honor
Paperbox.
I think the money from it was supposed to go to his sister, but
you just wait - - -
Some low-down bastard'll bust it open an' steal the money.
That's some memorial ain't it?
Or it'll prob'ly get rusty
Or sales'll go down an' they'll haul it off an' more'n likely put
it in the lobby o' some crummy hotel.
Some memorial.
Some friends.
Where were they when they were needed?
Where are they now?
Everybody loves a poor man.
"I jes' hope 'n' pray d' Lawd's gonna take keer uv us."
Yeah? Well, Somebody <u>better!</u>

IS A DAMN BATH TOO MUCH TO ASK?

Civilization ought to always offer one or two glories to a man. I can still remember the nickel candy bar. But I don't like re*mem*bering nickel candy bars. They ought to be there waiting for you to buy one. There just wasn't a whole lot of respect for the nickel candy bar and so you don't see them around or anything. Of course, I'm not saying the nickel candy bar was one of the goddamn glories of life or anything. I'm just saying that there wasn't a whole lot of respect for it. There wasn't.

Also there's not a whole lot of respect for the bath. Or the tub, since you got me on the subject. I'm not a dumbass who lives in an ivory tower or anything. I mean, I *re*alize that people would rather take a shower. Still a bath is a real glory of civilization. It's not Cartier's or anything, or the atom bomb. It's just the goddamn bath. And the tub.

I'm right when I say people don't have the right kind of respect for a bath as an institution. If a bath, or *the* bath (sounds more philosophical when you say *the) can* be an institution. If it's not now it used to be. Or people used to treat it like it was. Now it's all the goddamn shower.

It's like taxes being against single people and all. That sorta urges a single to get married. Everything that has to do with getting in a tub to clean your body with water is against somebody who wants to take a bath. I mean a *real* bath. Not just one of those five-minute jobs. Everybody works against you from the architect to the plumber. And they're real snotty about everything. All the whiz-kid architects think they're so hot. Like they were Brunelleschi or somebody with all their slide rules. Brunelleschi put this great big dome on this cathedral in Florence, Italy, right in the middle of town. I saw a picture of that town once in this big old book some arty friend of mine had one time, and wow, that sure was a big old dome. You could see it for miles and miles I bet, but I don't know because this picture looked pretty close really, like it was just a few blocks away honestly. But still it was a real hormongous dome. And then these plumbers. Once when my mother was going to play bridge (well, she *said* she was going to play bridge, but I knew better), she told me to wait around for the plumber to come. So this fella knocked on the door and I went to it and opened it and said, "Are you the plumber?" I sorta guessed he was because he was

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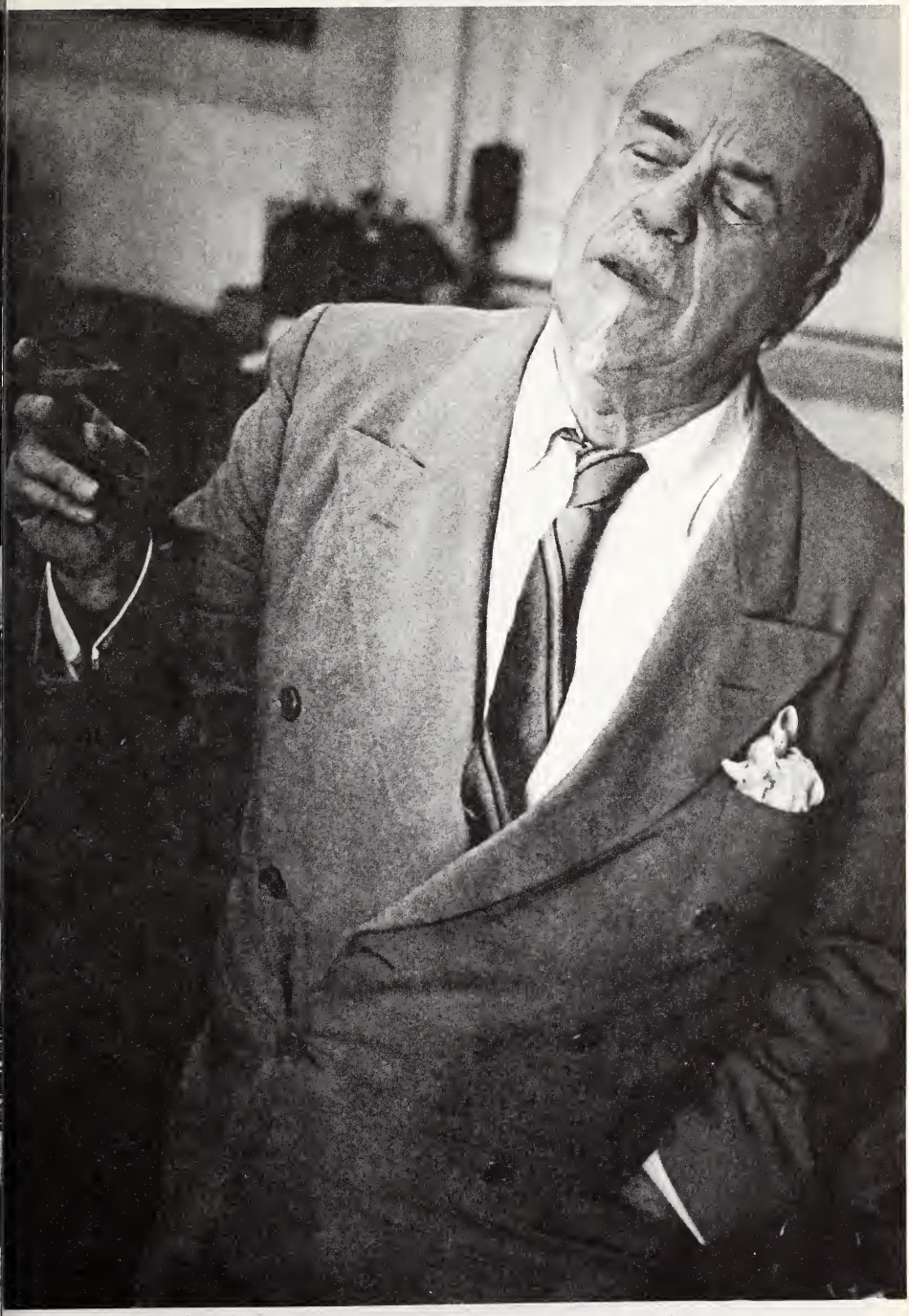

Sir Thomas Beecham listens to the playback of a recording he has just made of music by Delius.

Photograph is by Erich Auerbach.

Paul Tortelier at his cello.

Photograph is by Erich Auerbach.

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J. BOSHUIZEN

wearing these dirty old overalls and he smelled a little like, well, you know what I mean, and it might just be my imagination, but he smelled a little like horse manure, but I didn't tell him that. Anyway, I asked him if he was the plumber. He took this great big cigar out of his mouth and said, "Hell, no kid, I ain't no plumber. I'm a goddamn 'sanitary engineer,' cancha tell?" Everybody's got to be a goddamn fart. Can't even answer a goddamn simple question straight. Anyway, they all *hate* baths. And tubs.

First they build the bathrooms too small. Then they make these little tubs which they squeeze nice and neat between two close walls. There's only room to get in the damn thing and get out. You can't look over the side or anything. I love to look over the side of the tub, but I don't do that too much anymore. For obvious reasons. When you get in these tubs it's hard to lie back and let the water come over your chest and relax. You have to stick your feet up on the little ledge where the water taps are. Then there's that annoying plastic shower curtain. Or those glass doors that are hard to see through, but which you can see through just enough to spur your imagination if you feel like you want to look through, because they can't see out at you to see if you're looking through, especially if you just peep through the bathroom door. Then there's the shower fixture. You pull the knob and the waters come pouring down on you. Everytime I get in a tub and turn on the taps somebody leaves the shower knob on so I either get poached or made into a frozen daiquiri. I am beginning to hear a ding-dong deep inside telling me 1984 is almost here.

I didn't have to worry about all this kind of crap when I was growing up. We lived in the country in this big old house that was even on a hill and we didn't have one of these low-lying floor-hugging lavender tubs. It was a real glory! It was off the floor because it had these real old feet on it, animal feet, like a dragon's feet with scales and claws on it and everything. There were four of them. They lifted the tub a few inches off the floor like it was a piece of furniture or something. And you could look under it and maybe find a marble or a couple of cents. When you were a kid of course. You had to sweep under there too because after awhile you never can tell what all's under those little whisps of dust besides a marble and a penny or two.

But things aren't like that anymore. You can bet your ass those were the days of a real tub, the *classic* tub.

Honestly when you get right down to it I don't see why people have tubs with showers. I know you would ordinarily figure it's because you could take a bath sometimes and a shower some other time. But how many people do you know who take baths? Besides me I mean? Not a whole lot. Of course they can't help it if a house or an apartment already *has* a shower-tub. They just *build* them that way. I bet they don't like you to ask for a shower if you have a choice. I never really had a choice to be honest with you so I'm only really guessing. Showers alone are cheaper though I bet and builders like to make more money. I guess they do. Everybody does.

It's not that I'd care such a hot damn ordinarily whether I took a bath or a shower. It's just that getting *clean* has got so damn customary now. You just do it. Like it was a biological necessity or something. Like eating to stay alive. Take a goddamn bath every day. Hop in the shower (even when they say "I'm gonna take a bath," they go and take a shower). Rub a little soap on the face, over the arms, across the chest, down around your crotch and up your ass. If you have a

secret urging to take a long bath you go to a few extra pains when you're in the shower. You try to stand back in the shower booth, if you happen to have one, so the water won't wet you. Or if you have the combination you just stand in the back part of the tub where the water won't splash on you. And you lather up real good rubbing the soap across your chest and getting all the soap nice and thick and sort of breathing heavy like you were a goddamn ape or primordial man or something. Then you stand on one foot and bring one up so your foot is on your knee so you can clean between your toes. If you've got lousy balance you might lean up against the tiled wall. I bet lots of people don't even wash their legs at all. I guess they figure the soap draining off the torso and out of the crotch will clean them on the way down. If it wasn't for the goddamn gravity most people's legs wouldn't even get clean. Or half-clean.

People must be crazy not to take a goddamn bath every now and then. Or even *always.* They miss so much. What the hell can you *do* when you're standing up in a little bitty place with all this hot water coming down over your head getting all your hair in your eyes? Nothing. Well, nothing I can think of. How many people do you know who can do a whole lot of anything when their heads are under water? Unless play at holding your breath. And then there's nobody to beat unless there's a girl with you, which of course would make all the difference. Anybody who takes a shower with a man and plays at holding his breath against him under the water is somebody I could manage very well *without* meeting.

I'm pretty good if I say so myself at establishing facts. Some facts are just naturally easy to establish. Like I've established the fact that there just isn't a whole lot somebody can do in a shower. A goddamn shower. There isn't.

But in a bath the whole world is almost before you. I wouldn't put it that way myself, but I heard someone say that once about something. Not about a bath. But about something. You can let your imagination take over in a tub and think you were doing about anything you could do if you weren't taking a bath. Unless it was taking a shower. That's what makes taking a bath so much fun. Really, it's fun. Of course it all depends on if you have a real vivid imagination or not. Maybe a shower is about your speed. And if you take a bath you might not get past the goddamn rubber duck bit. Boy are people dumb.

But there is *a* goddamn lot to do. I mean it. You have to fill the tub up first and wait till it gets really *full.* Then you get in and let yourself sink real slow into this hot water. Then when you get sitting down you have to get used to the idea that there you are sitting in a bunch of hot water that is very very clear with a lot of time on your hands. You can look straight down and see how your body is distorted. And all the bubbles in the hair all over your body. If you want to lie back and enjoy that now you can or you can soap up by washing your hands and your face. What is really amazing is how easily the water changes and gets murky. It looks a little blue when you begin washing a little. It's really better and more fun to wash in stages. Do your face. Then the arms. Nothing better tha a leg in the old tub. Just lift it up and there it is. Every inch close enough to touch and all. Of course one thing people don't like about a bath is that you *have* to sit down on your tail and that makes it hard to clean. You've got to do something. You could stand up but nobody likes to do that in a bath. Then you have to sit back down to rinse. If you're lying back you can sort of brace your

head and your feet and raise up in the middle. But it's no use trying to get your ass all the way out of the water because you just won't do it. If you get some satisfaction out of rubbing around under this blue colored water with your bar of soap you can do that. But I don't know that it does too good. You can lie on your side and do it but that only puts one half of your rear out at a time and it's sort of graceless anyway. If you want to know my honest opinion. You can lift out of the water onto your knees if you want. That way you're half way out of the water but real close to it too. You have to squirm to get your feet under you so you can lift up on your knees. And if you're pretty old that's not too good. Your joints might be fragil. Anyway that's something you have to figure out for yourself. Everything's not a goddamn rose.

The best thing about taking a bath is lying back and letting the water cover as much of you as you can get it to. Sometimes, especially in these modern pink tubs, you have to do some pretty strange wiggling around to find the right position, but it's worth it. I bet there's nothing like it at all. Except something that's kind of personal that I don't really feel like telling you. You can just lie there for hours playing with the stopper with your feet. Or turning on the hot water tap with your toes when the water gets cooler. One thing I learned when I was lying down like this in this great big old tub you wouldn't have believed even if you saw it until you lied down in it was how tiny an average kind of bathroom is compared to another place in the house. The way you can tell is to look straight up at the ceiling and right there above you is the exact amount of space that's on the ground. I guess it's really the *floor* instead of the ground. Only there isn't all the stuff that there is on the floor like the can and sink and the cabinets and all that business. Plus the mirror. It makes the place look bigger than it really is. That's why I bet if you have a little bathroom and it looks little even when you're looking at it from the floor, you ought to cover the walls with lots of mirrors. It'll look like it's elbowing its way out of there, boy. That's one thing I learned all right.

Sitting in a bathtub hasn't *got* to be instructive you know. There's nothing better than lying back and letting the water cover you all up except for your head. You can let the water come right up to your lips. Then if you wiggle your toes the ripples get big by the time they get up to your head and they really do tickle your lips. Or you can really churn up the water with your feet and pretend the *African Queen* is going to sink because of the mess you're making with the waves and all. Or you can splash the water with your hands or your feet and pretend they are cannon balls hitting the water and missing John Paul Jones's ship in the War of 1812. If you use both your hands *and* your feet it can be the whole goddamn War of 1812. Instead of just a battle I mean.

There are a couple of inconveniences. One is when you lie back and you have one of those fixtures (it can be a stopper lever or a shower knob) right in the middle of the front part of the tub. When you lie back the water level rises over this little metal fixture and it's *never* so close against the tub that water doesn't get behind it and start down the drain pipe. It never gushes down. No, it can't ever do that goddamn it. It trickles. Nothing eats my ass away like that damned dripping trickle sound that thing causes. Boy, it just drives me mad. Especially if it's late at night and you can't hear a goddamn sound but that screwy trickle.

The reason you might be taking a bath late at night is another sorta bad thing about taking these long protracted kind of baths. If your family has a lot of company it's a little impractical for you to go in the bathroom and stay for hours. Somebody might just *need* the can. Also if you go in there even if you don't have a lot of company and you stay for a long time you can hear somebody – your sister or your mother – say to somebody, "What does he *do* in there?" Nobody ever believes you if you say you're just waiting for the ripples to make it up from your feet to your head to tickle you. I think they always figure you're playing with yourself. Everybody's so goddamn suspicious. So it's best to take a bath late at night when they're all asleep. It's even worth the trouble to re-work your schedule. If you ever had one. I don't like them myself but you just might have a schedule. And you ought to re-work it just so you can have this goddamn long bath.

After all, how many true-to-life (what a lousy phrase) joys can somebody have in this crumby modern world with its short bathtubs which make you squinch up like a grasshopper if you want to lie back in them?

I swear to God. I really do.

ON BEING HARD UP

It is a most remarkable thing. I sat down with the full intention of writing something clever and original; but for the life of me I can't think of anything clever and original—at least, not at the moment. The only thing I can think about now is being hard up. I suppose having my hands in my pockets has made me think about this. I always do sit with my hands in my pockets, except when I am in the company of my sisters, my cousins, or my aunts; and they kick up such a shindy—I should say expostulate so eloquently upon the subject—that I have to give in and take them out—my hands I mean. The chorus to their objections is that it is not gentlemanly. I am hanged if I can see why. I could understand its not being considered gentlemanly to put your hands in other people's pockets (especially by the other people), but how, O ye sticklers for what looks this and what looks that, can putting his hands in his own pockets make a man less gentle! Perhaps you are right though. Now I come to think of it, I have heard some people grumble most savagely when doing it. But they were mostly old gentlemen. We young fellows, as a rule, are never quite at ease unless we have our hands in our pockets. We are awkward and shifty. We are like what a music hall Lion Comique would be without his opera hat, if such a thing can be imagined. But let us put our hands in our trousers' pockets, and let there be some small change in the right hand one and a bunch of keys in the left, and we will face a female post office clerk.

It is a little difficult to know what to do with your hands, even in your pockets, when there is nothing else there. Years ago when my whole capital would occasionally come down to "what in town the people call a bob," I would recklessly spend a penny of it, merely for the sake of having the change, all in coppers, to jingle. You don't feel nearly so hard up with eleven pence in your pocket, as you do with a shilling. Had I been "La-di-da," that impecunious youth about whom we superior folk are so sarcastic, I would have changed my penny for two ha'pennies.

I can speak with authority on the subject of being hard up. I have been a provincial actor. If further evidence be required, which I do not think likely, I can add that I have been a "gentleman connected with the press." I have lived on fifteen shillings a week. I have lived a week on ten, owing the other five; and I have lived for a fortnight on a great-coat.

It is wonderful what an insight into domestic economy being really hard up gives one. If you want to find out the value of money, live on fifteen shillings

a week, and see how much you can put by for clothes and recreation. You will find out that it is worth while to wait for the farthing change, that it is worth while to walk a mile to save a penny, that a glass of beer is a luxury to be indulged in only at rare intervals, and that a collar can be worn for four days.

Try it just before you get married. It will be excellent practice. Let your son and heir try it before sending him to college. He won't grumble at a hundred a year pocket money then. There are some people to whom it would do a world of good. There is that delicate blossom, who can't drink any claret under ninety-four, and who would as soon think of dining off cat's meat as off plain roast mutton. You do come across these poor wretches now and then, though, to the credit of humanity, they are principally confined to that fearful and wonderful society known only to lady novelists. I never hear of one of these creatures discussing a *menu* card, but I feel a mad desire to drag him off to the bar of some common east-end public-house, and cram a six-penny dinner down his throat—beefsteak pudding, fourpence; potatoes, a penny; half a pint of porter, a penny. The recollection of it (and the mingled fragrance of beer, tobacco, and roast pork generally leaves a vivid impression) might induce him to turn up his nose a little less frequently in the future at everything that is put before him. Then, there is that generous party, the cadger's delight, who is so free with his small change, but who never thinks of paying his debts. It might teach even him a little common sense. "I always give the waiter a shilling. One can't give the fellow less, you know," explained a young Government clerk with whom I was lunching the other day in Regent Street. I agreed with him as to the utter impossibility of making it elevenpence ha'penny; but, at the same time, I resolved to one day decoy him to an eating-house I remembered near Covent Garden, where the waiter, for the better discharge of his duties, goes about in his shirt sleeves—and very dirty sleeves they are too, when it gets near the end of the month. I know that waiter. If my friend gives him anything beyond a penny, the man will insist on shaking hands with him then and there, as a mark of his esteem: of that I feel sure.

There have been a good many funny things said and written about hardupishness, but the reality is not funny, for all that. It is not funny to have to haggle over pennies. It isn't funny to be thought mean and stingy. It isn't funny to be shabby, and to be ashamed of your address. No, there is nothing at all funny in poverty—to the poor. It is hell upon earth to a sensitive man; and many a brave gentleman, who would have faced the labours of Hercules, has had his heart broken by its petty miseries.

It is not the actual discomforts themselves that are hard to bear. Who would mind roughing it a bit, if that were all it means? What cared Robinson Crusoe for a patch on his trousers?—Did he wear trousers? I forget; or did he go about like he does in the pantomimes? What did it matter to him if his toes did stick out of his boots? and what if his umbrella was a cotton one, so long as it kept the rain off. His shabbiness did not trouble him: there were none of his friends round about to sneer at him.

Being poor is a mere trifle. It is being known to be poor that is the sting It is not cold that makes a man without a great-coat hurry along so quickly. It i not all shame at telling lies—which he knows will not be believed—that make

him turn so red when he informs you that he considers great-coats unhealthy, and never carries an umbrella on principle. It is easy enough to say that poverty is no crime. No; if it were men wouldn't be ashamed of it. It is a blunder though, and is punished as such. A poor man is despised the whole world over; despised as much by a Christian as by a lord, as much by a demagogue as by a footman, and not all the copy-book maxims ever set for inkstained youth will make him respected. Appearances *are* everything, so far as human opinion goes, and the man who will walk down Picadilly arm in arm with the most notorious scamp in London, provided he is a well-dressed one, will slink up a back street to say a couple of words to a seedy-looking gentleman. And the seedy-looking gentleman knows this—no one better—and will go a mile round to avoid meeting an acquaintance. Those that knew him in his prosperity need never trouble themselves to look the other way. He is a thousand times more anxious that they should not see him than they can be; and as to their assistance, there is nothing he dreads more than the offer of it. All he wants is to be forgotten; and in this respect he is generally fortunate enough to get what he wants.

One becomes used to everything else, by the help of that wonderful old homoeopathic doctor. Time. You can tell at a glance the difference between the old hand and the novice; between the case-hardened man who has been used to shift and struggle for years, and the poor devil of a beginner, striving to hide his misery, and in a constant agony of fear lest he should be found out. Nothing shows this difference more clearly than the way in which each will pawn his watch. As the poet says somewhere: "True ease in pawning comes from art, not chance." The one goes into his "Uncle's" with as much composure as he would into his tailor's—very likely with more. The assistant is even civil and attends to him at once to the great indignation of the lady in the next box, who, however, sarcastically observes that she don't mind being kept waiting "if it is a reg'lar customer." Why, from the pleasant and business-like manner in which the transaction is carried out, it might be a large purchase in the Three per Cents. Yet what a piece of work a man makes of his first "pop." A boy popping his first question is confidence itself compared with him. He hangs about outside the shop, until he has succeeded in attracting the attention of all the loafers in the neighbourhood, and has aroused strong suspicions in the mind of the policeman on the beat. At last, after a careful examination of the contents of the windows, made for the purpose of impressing the by-standers with the notion that he is going in to purchase a diamond bracelet or some such trifle, he enters, trying to do so with a careless swagger, and giving himself really the air of a member of the swell mob. When inside, he speaks in so low a voice as to be perfectly inaudible, and has to say it all over again. When, in the course of his rambling conversation about a "friend" of his, the word "lend" is reached, he is promptly told to go up the court on the right, and take the first door round the corner. He comes out of the shop with a face that you could easily light a cigarette at, and firmly under the impression that the whole population of the district is watching him. When he does get to the right place he has forgotten his name and address, and is in a general condition of hopeless imbecility. Asked in a severe tone how he came by "this," he stammers and contradicts himself, and it is only a miracle if he does not confess to having stolen it that very day. He is thereupon informed that they don't want anything to do with his sort, and that

he had better get out of this as quickly as possible, which he does, recollecting nothing more until he finds himself three miles off, without the slightest knowledge of how he got there.

By the way, how awkward it is, though, having to depend on public-houses and churches for the time. The former are generally too fast and the latter too slow. Besides which, your efforts to get a glimpse of the public-house clock from the outside, are attended with great difficulties. If you gently push the swing door ajar and peer in, you draw upon yourself the contemptuous looks of the barmaid, who at once puts you down in the same category with area sneaks and cadgers. You also create a certain amount of agitation among the married portion of the customers. You don't see the clock, because it is behind the door; and, in trying to withdraw quietly, you jamb your head. The only other method is to jump up and down outside the window. After this latter, however, if you do not bring out a banjo and sing, the youthful inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who have gathered round in expectation, become disappointed.

I should like to know, too, by what mysterious law of nature it is that, before you have left your watch "to be repaired" half-an-hour, some one is sure to stop you in the street and conspicuously ask you the time. Nobody even feels the slightest curiosity on the subject when you've got it on.

Dear old ladies and gentlemen, who know nothing about being hard up—and may they never, bless their grey old heads—look upon the pawnshop as the last stage of degradation; but those who know it better (and my readers have, no doubt, noticed this themselves) are often surprised, like the little boy who dreamed he went to Heaven, at meeting so many people there that they never expected to see. For my part, I think it a much more independent course than borrowing from friends, and I always try to impress this upon those of my acquaintances who incline towards "wanting a couple of pounds till the day after to-morrow." But they won't all see it. One of them once remarked that he objected to the principle of the thing. I fancy if he had said it was the interest that he objected to he would have been nearer the truth: twenty-five per cent. certainly does come heavy.

There are degrees in being hard up. We are all hard up, more or less—most of us more. Some are hard up for a thousand pounds; some for a shilling. Just at this moment I am hard up myself for a fiver. I only want it for a day or two. I should be certain of paying it back within a week at the outside, and if any lady or gentleman among my readers would kindly lend it to me, I should be very much obliged indeed. They could send it to me, under cover to Mr. Henry Altemus, only, in such case, please let the envelope be carefully sealed. I would give you my I. O. U. as security.

(Editor's note: This humorous essay is reprinted from *The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow; a Book for an Idle Holiday*. Philadelphia, Henry Altemus, 1894.)

LANCE LEONHIRTH

YEAR–OLD NEWSPAPERS

When Winter starts and stops
And comes again;
And gentle breezes blow
Into violent winds
That toss the leaves about
Like year-old newspapers,
And range from a whisper to a shout:
I know that Summer has packed its bags.
Left in secret one inky night;
The season's door unlocked;
And following on frosty breaths
Autumn comes in like a flock
Of south-bound cardinals
To turn down Winter's bed.

LOLA–LOLA

When you tossed your panties
in Emil Jannings' face
I hated him (though dead)
and envied that crotch taste.
I wanted to savor your greasy lipstick,
to smell your beer-curled hair,
to peel off your glib black hose,
to see if you were really blonde.
But I'd have crowed eventually
and become another wrung cock.

ETHEREAL VOYAGERS

Mute stars flicker in solitude
that proscribes all but visual intimacy;
moons revolve in menstrual arcs,
celestial flotsam flits like wasps.
Men curled in metallic cauls
peer through plastic shields hiding
murderous intent, blood's legacy,
but finding nothing to mortalize.
Emptiness pervades more vacancy
and into their souls it seeps,
when, feet on sod, they impart
mereness, sereness of space inborn.

To W.T. with Grave Reservations

We are sorry you are gone, W.T.
We enjoyed the times we had before you died.
We enjoyed the nervous twitter of your mind,
All fixed on mystics, metamystics and such;
But especially – poetry and philosophy —
Yes, we enjoyed your way of living, W.T.
Your inadvertent death surprised us both.
So after all, we were left surprised
While downward, Hellward way you went,
Planted out of sight beneath a tent.
Flowers grew! Fantastic colors spread —
As florists smothered you with living things:
And you beneath them — cold, dead.
We are sorry you are gone, W.T.
We are sorry you are gone, aren't we?

W.T., can you hear me?
They have gone along and withered in their ways;
They have forgotten that the laurel grows the bays;
They have forgotten, W.T.
All alone I cry out to the empty spheres—
All alone I cry out to the empty spheres—
All alone I wail away for you and me. . . .
Yes, I am very sorry you are gone, W.T.

HEAVENLY SCRIBBLING or NOTES FROM THE TOP

What a noble thing is an MS. MSS are what the pieces in *The Journal* are before they are published. If you have one, and wish the Editor to consider it for publication or merely give you His opinion of it, you may submit it to Him through the Mails, or you may slip it under the door of His office or His *chambre a coucher* (G-8 Dupre) in the still of night when no one is looking, or you may send it by kaiak, or carrier-pigeon, or steamboat, or paper-airplane, or you may consult Dr. Lewis Pinckney Jones on the railroad timetables if you want to send it by choo-choo. If you are abnormally audacious and expectatious, you may actually walk up to Him and hand it to Him. His name is Mr. Delaplaine, and He usually dines at about 5:50 of an evening, after which he oftentimes passes a pleasant hour or two in His office delighting in watching a by-now friendly spider in the upper left corner of the room weave a sturdy web. In clement weather He has been seen to stroll about the campus watching the leaves change color and other such nonsense, and you might have Him pointed out to you by one of your friends (as Wofford College's "in-residence" *litterateur* of the *literati)* with the same sort of muffled asides as you might expect to greet the statue of Admiral Lord Nelson after he had climbed down from his perch in Trafalgar Sq. to take a cheerful turn or two about Piccadilly in late afternoon.

The Journal is published four times per year — in October, December, March and May — "by the students of Wofford College," Spartanburg, South Carolina. Subscriptions are $2.50 per year. The magazine is guided financially by the Wofford College Publications Board, of which Dr. T. V. Thoroughman is Chairman. Mr. Frank Anderson, Director of the Sandor Teszler Library at Wofford, is advisor to the Editor. The deadline for the second number of the magazine is the ides of November.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE FORMER EDITOR

To: The Publications Board
From: The Editor of *The Journal.*

The following is a statement concerning the final financial status of *The Journal* for the school year 1970-1971:

Total expenditures for the first semester	$593.18
Total expenditures for the second semester	1653.57
Total expenditures for entire year	2246.75
Total income for the year 1970-1971	2790.00
Total expenditures	2246.75
Amount of surplus	$543.25

Respectfully submitted,

Thomas F. Morrison (signed)
Editor & Business Manager
The Journal, 1970-1971

THE JOURNAL

WINTER 1971

THE JOURNAL

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Edited by Andrew Delaplaine

The cover is by Richard Wood.

Note: Materials for the March number must be submitted by February 15th.

Lewis P. Jones

D. D. W.

In the Wofford catalog of 1902, the course History I (an elective for juniors) is described thus: "The subject matter of this course is well adapted to giving the student just views of the proper method and the utility of historical study, and the course will be conducted with this end in view." Anyone who knew the instructor in that course knew who wrote this slightly ponderous but accurate description: David Duncan Wallace, a man austere but affable, dignified but delightful. He was known universally among students as "Dunc"—and yet most of them probably believed that it would never occur to him that the young would dare refer to an elder in such glib fashion. After all, he was the personage of the campus—the personification of higher scholarship, the local living proof that even those disrespectful boys were blustering about amid the groves of Academe.

Whenever alumni have gathered, there have been tales and anecdotes about "Dunc Wallace"—maybe as many as those about any "character" who has ever either graced or disgraced Wofford. (Therein lies one of the frustrating facts about colleges: So few can tarnish so many honors.) But "Dunc" always graced rather than disgraced the college—and he did it in his own special style for over half a century (1899-1947).

Thin, erect, a bit austere, this scholar-teacher historian communicated a certain note of rigidity and firmness. Brisk but not brusque, he simply had a no-nonsense impact. His seriousness had nothing unpleasant about it: One simply sensed that he was concerned only with those things which were worthwhile or academic. Frivolity was for others. This preoccupation with these objects led to some wondrous tales of absent mindedness, but basically the preoccupation was a form of devotion (the term today seems to be "life style"): a commitment to precision, to accuracy, to fairness. With unbelieveable pains he would pursue an exact historical fact—simply, as that mountain climber said, "because it was there." "Dunc" was determined to know what mountain he was on—and to know exactly how high it was, not "about" how high. (His asking a boy the area of Alaska evoked the cheerful, evasive response of "In terms of what, Doctor?" The quick rejoinder was: "In terms of a square mile."

Yet he was not simply a gatherer of assorted facts, statistics, and dates—as the careful judgments in his writing will show. These opinions were not "tenuous judgments" that he passed when making an interpretation, with the author's hiding timidly behind a "perhaps" or a "presumably." His interpretations are precise but equitable—and rarely offensive and never mean. Humorless, yes, but always judicious and always backed by the understanding and the patience that should be the marks of the historian grounded in depth of knowledge blessed by generosity of character.

In the world of scholarship, Dr. Wallace was perhaps the best-known Wofford resident in the first half of the present century, with the possible exception of his contemporary, Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder, a president of the college (1902-1942) so blessed with grace and charm. Wallace is still recognized as dean of historians who have studied and written South Carolina history—his three-volume history (1934) being even yet the definitive study. But other historians who knew him—including his former students who went on to advanced work—came to appreciate the fact that he was more than just "a South Carolina historian" but a true scholar who had a wide-ranging grasp on many fields of history—and other disciplines as well. He was no provincial, local antiquarian, as his manuscripts in the College Archives (on such topics as art) will attest. As his successor, Dr. Charles E. Cauthen, once observed, "Dunc has forgotten more history than the rest of us will ever learn." The wondrous thing was that we never could discover that he had ever forgotten any.

The Wallace reputation was not just one of "wide local fame." His significance was acknowledged by such distinguished scholars as Samuel Eliot Morison, Charles A. Beard, and others. The editor of the *American Historical Review*, Guy Stanton Ford, referred to his *History of Wofford College* (1951) as "not only a model of its kind but a contribution to the history of the region." His massive history of the state, now the standard scholarly study, may be supplanted in some respects by future historians, but "the Wallace history" will continue to be used because there will be many scholars still consulting and respecting his insights and judgments. Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the book is the forward-looking view often expressed by a scholar who came out of the Victorian era and the Bourbon period. As one scholar evaluated Wofford's historian in 1938, the chief value of his *History of South Carolina* was

> the fearless impartiality of the book in dealing with persons, sections, causes, and movements. No reader can fail to perceive that Professor Wallace is a Carolinian to his marrow, with a deep love for his state and its partisan. . . . Whether it be Negro versus White, Tory versus Whig, Secessionist versus Unionist, aristocrat versus plebeian, the merits and faults of both are impartially set forth.

Such was the man that scholars knew. But whom did the Wofford boys know? They knew a teacher who during nearly all the years of 1899-1947 was a one-man "Department of History and Economics" (now nine men). And despite the writing which made him famous (three major books among at least nineteen published books and articles), he was above all a classroom teacher. He also taught much outside the curiosity shop that was his classroom.

His roots were intertwined both with education and with Wofford. Both of his parents were teachers at Columbia College, and "Dunc" was born in Columbia in 1874. His father was a Wofford alumnus, and his maternal great-grandfather, Dr. David Duncan, was on the original Wofford faculty.

"Dunc" graduated at Wofford in 1894—at a time when the subject of history was not taught by any of the eight faculty members then working with a student body of 156. Just as he was to be serious and direct all of his life, he apparently as a senior (one of twenty-one) was not marked by levity. In his last year he was editor of the *Journal* and—as seems the wont of college editors—stirred up a hornets' nest by an editorial that did not sound altogether unfamiliar: misuse of the library. Actually, he was raging about "the reading room" since then there was no separate library building but only a large room on the second floor of the Main Building where the holdings of the literary societies had

recently been consolidated with the College's books. The misdeed involved faculty and students who were taking out books and magazines and would "frequently never return them." Horror of horrors, he concluded that the faculty were worse than the students, who maybe were guilty, "But if the faculty vigorously abstained from abstracting books we believe the students would also." Worst, according to Editor Wallace, was the fact that the faculty also took the best ones. He soon found himself on the carpet (especially for the word "abstracting"); fifty years later he referred to the incident as an "indiscretion" and wrote: "Moral for future editors: be careful as to the propriety of your language; and be careful how you sacrifice yourself for people who don't care."

The future scholar was also on the first Wofford debating team, which in 1893 collided with Furman on the thorny topic, "Resolved, That the tendency of modern thought is toward socialism." The negative side won—with Dunc and capitalism enjoying their victory.

A speaker at Wofford's 1894 commencement was Chancellor J. H. Kirkland, a Wofford alumnus and a major founder of Vanderbilt.(The moving spirits who really got Vanderbilt and Duke "moving" came from Wofford; without them, they might now rank with Slippery Rock.) Apparently Wallace followed Kirkland back to Vanderbilt, and in this era when the graduate school was just beginning in America he earned in 1899 the first Ph. D. which Vanderbilt granted in history. There in his dissertation he demonstrated his lifelong devotion to two areas: constitutional development and South Carolina history.

Dr. Wallace's teaching career began at Bamberg in the Carlisle Fitting School, a Methodist preparatory school for boys and basically a "feeder school" affiliated with Wofford. He returned to his alma mater two years later and then remained here until 1947, when the college for the first time introduced a retirement system. (It was then compulsory at seventy—now sixty-five—but he was already seventy-three at the time.)

As already noted, he alone constituted two departments: History and Economics. A browsing through old Wofford Catalogs—an entertaining experience—reveals little variation in his repertoire: Courses were rarely added, rarely dropped. To carry such a teaching load, he did some course "rotation," but most of the time he listed only seven or eight. Until about World War 2, all Wofford courses were year-long affairs with no commotion and fretting over such minor matters as semesters, terms, quarters, interims, or even majors. In 1902, for example, History I was European history during the first part of the year, and then by metamorphosis became English history during the second half. History II consisted of the comparative study of the development of government, followed by a constitutional history of the United States—using a textbook by Prof. Woodrow Wilson.

The twentieth century saw few changes. In 1931, History I was a year-long course: One year "Dunc" covered 1500-1815; the next year History I had magically become 1815-1930, and thus continued to alternate in two-year sequences. (Would that it still did!) History II was American history; History III English history; History IV: South Carolina. All were what now would be called surveys—but with some depth; they were all heavy on political history. In his Economics, the basic course was accounting; Economics II and III were year-courses on principles.

His classroom (then Main 106) was a cavernous affair entered through a door from the west tower (involving a large area including the present M-123). Larger than any room now in the Main Building, wooden pillars stood in the middle of the forbidding chamber—a line of them just in front of the tiers of

seats which were built up on a wooden platform that created an amphitheater-effect. (This monster did not reach the back wall, and under it were shelved hundreds of books.) On the floor level, to the side of the "amphitheater" and under the north window were "Dunc's" desks and tables—his office. If one visited him in the afternoon, he went over to that corner of the huge fief which was "Dunc's classroom." (When a second historian finally joined him in 1943, "Dunc" would continue blithely working in his "study" while his colleague taught, in his oblivious way sometimes typing like mad on his old typewriter which was surely a fugitive from the Smithsonian (the typescript being almost illegible and exceeded in its illegibility only by "Dunc's" handwriting).

Until well in the twentieth century, the Wallace grotto was heated by a stove (as were all classrooms). The historian fancied himself an engineer, mechanic, carpenter, and a few other variations of technician, and in his typical devotion to precision would direct a student to put in "two large chunks and one small chunk of coal"—and he meant exactly that amount and certainly not anything as vague as "several chunks of coal." Behind the order probably lay considerable advance calculation in British thermal units, just as were his instructions to raise the window "two inches".

The huge classroom was wired so that it resembled a TV stage—and evidently the electrician was named Wallace. There were drop lights here and there (a green-shaded one glaring down over the lectern), separate lights and a wall toggle switch for the blackboard (these were turned on while "Dunc" scribbled thereon and then promptly extinguished by this Duncan-from-Scotland when the demonstration was completed), and exposed cords draped all over the classroom-office. Books were crammed into dusty cases everywhere, and when a factual point needed clarification or authentication, the sage would send a student to "get Channing—the fifth book from the left, on the third shelf of the second section, at about page 130 to 140." Rarely did he err in these precise instructions.

Class proceeded for an hour of steady oral cross-examination on textbook assignments, interspersed with brief commentary or explanations by Dr. Wallace. The student response to each question was instantly judged and recorded in a large ledger which served as grade book: A straight vertical line was record of a perfect answer; a horizontal line "nailed on to the wall"; and imperfect answers showed up as slanted lines with the angle of slant meaning something. Trembling scholars lived in anguish because the good doctor's hand in later years also trembled as he drew those linear verdicts. One never knew when his turn for questions was coming—it came frequently—but when a laggard was exposed as being unprepared, the reprobate probably wished soon that he were back in Aynor, Moncks Corner, or anywhere other than in his humilitating misery under the west tower reared against the sky.

Classroom explanations sometimes turned into one-act plays as "Dunc" played the role of historical characters and events. Whole battles would be fought with "Dunc" charging out from behind the globe or firing with his pointer from behind the huge wooden columns that dotted the room. Students were fascinated by these charades which sometimes were hilarious—but they always were restrained in their response because they never were absolutely certain whether their impressive, austere, gifted mentor meant to be funny.

One classroom ritual remained a mystery for generations. Dr. Wallace frequently had to clear his throat, and at every roll call produced a box of cough drops, and then with small pen-knife neatly slit one in two, flipped one half in-

to his mouth, and the other portion into a vest pocket. (Quite proper in attire, he wore a vest as standard uniform throughout almost the whole academic year.) The puzzle of the campus: What ever became of all of those hundreds of half-cough drops that vanished into that vest? (If a student coughed in class himself, he was wise to have his hand out because instantly a cough drop (a full one) was already in the air sailing silently in his direction.)

The tales of "Dunc's" eccentricities were legion. Perhaps like Leo Durocher's demurrer about the Brooklyn team should apply: "Half of dem lies they tell about the Dodgers ain't so." One of them: When leaving the west tower to go to his home (the present residence of Dean Lesesne), he headed west until he intercepted the main walk, then reversed course with a 135-degree turn, and passed in front of the building. The student explanation: He had calculated that the wear on the shoe leather from the gravel in the walk circling the tower was greater than that resulting from the lengthy detour on cement walks. Another: on one occasion, he tried to turn left at the Montgomery Building, where he was maneuvering his A-model Ford, when a Spartanburg policeman in the intersection shouted, "Professor, you can't turn there," only to get the reply, "If you will just move back a bit, young man, I believe I can make it."

His jury-rig carpentry varied from puzzling Rube Goldberg attractions to the unique big globe which he constructed in 1907—an impressive masterpiece of spherical trigonometry, careful carpentry, and shrewd cartography. "Dunc's world" has a circumference of over eleven feet, and in his old classroom it operated from a wondrous block and tackle arrangement which hung and swiveled from the ceiling. (There is no authentication of the legend that the materials cost him fifty dollars and that a purchaser offered him a tidy sum for it only to find it too large to go through doors or windows, whereupon Dr. Wallace persuaded the college to pay him for it since the institution now had the world, whether it wanted it or not.) In the Wofford *Journal* for December 1908, he has an article, "How I Made the Big Globe."

Always an amateur builder and architect, he was not marked by either uncertainty or optimism. In his room under the tower, a student once asked about a pencil mark on the wall. In his clipped, firm style of conversation that was always blessed with sparkling eyes, the professor was succinct: "Mark? Mark? Oh, yes. See the mark? See the crack in the wall up there? When the crack reaches the mark—I'm moving out." And he would have. Under the floor of his house, sagging with the weight of tons of books, was another mark with a note penciled nearby: "When floor sinks to mark, call carpenter."

He took pride in many of his little efficiencies. He had short-hand symbols for syllables and these he interspersed into his horrible script—and while writing on the board would stop and use much time to explain how he was saving time by inserting these marks into the hieroglyphics. On his keys, he had notches cut so that he could identify each in the dark. If he was pursuing a reference in a book, he would hold the book up carefully, survey its size and estimate its number of pages, and then open it carefully at a point where he would not waste time turning many pages en route to his destination.

He could relax, but not flop. He was convinced (correctly, perhaps— that one too comfortable while reading or studying was likely to relax to the point to carelessness, and many can recall his sitting virtually bolt upright in straight chairs holding a book out almost straight ahead as he read with fabulous concentration. Mr. Hucks recalls that when the library was remodeled about 1950, Dr. Wallace took a quite dim view of the few easy chairs that were then installed.

The library was the special interest of this productive scholar, and as early as1902 he was chairman of the library committee—a post that he held for decades. In that capacity, he took an active part in doing the book ordering—one significant explanation of how an impressive history collection was acquired in a small and impecunious college. Even when he was away on leaves of absence, he kept the mails loaded with suggestions to the college about books which had struck his attention. (These usually went to the Dean, whom he always addressed as "My dear Norton.") Such letters were like some of his conversations—clipped serious, and punctilious. One to Dean Norton seemed to recognize this in 1944: "I would write you an interesting letter but for the fact that I have to rush to dinner." His writing was always candid; he noted to Dr. Norton that "I have almost stopped reviewing books, as I have found that impartiality has offended some of my scribbling friends."

Dr. Wallace was an active Methodist layman, being depicted by one associate as "an uncompromising example of an active faith." He combined this with his scholarship and produced a number of careful articles on the history of both the church in general and of Methodism in particular. He once did an article on the history of Central, the oldest church in Spartanburg. For years he was a regular author of an analysis of current events entitled "The Times" which appeared in the *Methodist Advocate.* One blessed with hindsight can examine it in amazement at the depth and outlook of that contemporary observer: For example, in his column of November 30, 1950 (during the Korean War): "We must ultimately recognize whatever is the real government of China."

Although willing to express judgments, he was so temperate and fair-minded that rarely was he involved in controversy and never in real acrimony. The closest he came to the latter involved a running battle that finally engulfed a meeting of the rather staid Southern Historical Association. His antagonist was William Sheppard, a Spartanburg printer and amateur historian who disliked Wade Hampton (South Carolina governor, 1877-78) and revered a Hampton enemy, Martin W. Gary. The particular row centered around whether Hampton had "sold out" the National Democratic Party in 1876 so as to secure his own election here as governor. The correspondence between the two is very formal, stilted, and proper—and should have been written on asbestos paper, it is much more fascinating than is the article which Dr. Wallace wrote on the issue in the *Journal of Southern History* (1942). (The Sheppard view now rustles in his book *Red Shirts Remembered* (1940).)

This particular controversy had deep roots, for Wallace had long respected Hampton while not being blind to his shortcomings, and he had little patience with Gary, an able but fiery white racist and early leader of the "wool hat boys" —definitely not Dr. Wallace's type. In 1922, Professor Wallace had written a biography of Gary—commissioned and paid to do it by a member of the Gary family who supplied the family papers to him. When he saw the book, the patron promptly buried his new literary property which has never been published. Incidentally, he also wrote another book which never saw printer's ink: In the 1940's he had a leave of absence to write a history of the Graniteville Manufacturing Company—one of the oldest industries in the state—but again his patrons were not happy with the result and thus it still rests in manuscript form.

This particular area of history always interested this historian-economist, and on a number of occasions he wrote articles in economic history—especially in the realm of manufacturing. In *The State* in 1902 (November 10) he published a magazine article, "Southern Agriculture: Its Conditions and Needs."

One of his most significant contributions to scholarship was his *Henry Laurens*, a biography of the distinguished Revolutionary statesman that was published in 1915 and has just recently been reprinted. Interesting is the fact that the *Henry Laurens Papers* now being published began under the editorship of Philip M. Hamer, a Wallace student, who prior to his death in 1971 was one of the most distinguished academecians among Wofford alumni, having been one of the key figures in launching the National Archives as well as a distinguished author.

This is not the place for a bibliography of Wallace publications. Students should read his history of the college—not his best work, but still an admirable piece of scholarship for one so much a part of his topic. Its publication led to a blistering but polite letter to the Vandervilt Press because of their handling of some tables and lists in the Appendix. After some kind remarks about the workmanship of the press, he noted: "But when my eye fell upon what had been done, so completely sacrificing my labor to make clear and readable to the reader, with Appendix III, I had to take two sleeping pills and a nitroglycerine to sleep that night." He concluded: It "almost makes me weep."

His most biting literary criticisms appear in the margins of books—some of which are still in the stacks, despite the jeremiad of the 1894 *Journal* editor who deprecated those who did not show proper deference to library books. In his hen-scratching script one can find penviled corrections, acid comments about misstatements, altered statistics, and revealing addenda and brief "editorial comment." Some books he almost seemed tempted to re-write: A prize should go to his marginal notes in one book on the Old South.

After his Wofford retirement in 1947, Dr. Wallace did some teaching at Emory and at the College of Charleston. One friend was shocked to learn that he was offering one course in sociology and reminded him that he once had said that sociology was ninety percent bunk. Quick as a flash he retorted: "It is—but-I'm teaching the other ten percent.

By the time of his death in 1951, he had received all of the honors to which a scholar in his circumstances might aspire—two honorary degrees, *Who's Who in America,* officers in historical associations, and appearances before national learned societies. His real forte had been his teaching—a task done every day with conscience and with dedication. He always showed a love for what was good in the South—and yet he was not one to play "Dixie." (If living now, this man—more genuinely Southern than Colonel Sanders—still would not play "Dixie". The reason: He was an impeccable gentleman and knew that good manners were a part of the better South—and people with manners never get pleasure from pouring salt into the wounds of others.

A colleague, Professor Raymond Bourne, wrote in 1951 that David Duncan Wallace had "taught history, economics, political science, charity of thought, and integrity to a half century of Wofford men." Such appraisal would not have evoked cynicism from Wofford residents then simply because some of these attributes mentioned were something other than academic disciplines listed in college catalogs. But such a concept of "liberal education" was important at Wofford and to Wofford then—and, hopefully, still is. The Wofford of Professors Wallace and Bourne was concerned about things academic when it contemplated the meaning and impact of "liberal education", but it also unashamedly put heavy store also by "charity of thought" and "integrity", as noted by Professor Bourne—plus such factors as morality, manners, and consideration for others.

After all, men were supposed to be "liberated" from the low. Things profane and things low were present here—as they always have been—but they were not respected, they were not paraded proudly, and they were not accepted casually.

To this writer, one of his students, "Dunc Wallace" was an example of a truly educated man genuinely broad despite his expertise in one field. More important even, however, is the fact that he was deeply devoted to sheer decency. One never saw anything of tawdriness or cheapness in his performance, language, or character.

Today, so many of us seem to be caught up in academic rat race more marked by commotion than motion, as chronicled in the "Daily Bulletin": interminable sessions of student union groups, endless faculty committees, fraternity flings, "open house", "rights" or "prerogatives." At times it appears that all segments of the campus community may seem to be more concerned about the "internal governance of the college" than they are about the College itself.

In marked contrast, Dr. Wallace concerned himself primarily with what a college is all about: learning. Maybe he lived in a dream world, but he assumed that learning was what everybody on the campus was supposed to be concerned about—and that this was the first order of business. It was with him. Because of this priority, he never stopped learning—both learning facts and acquiring the understanding that is wisdom and knowledge. As Professor Bourne well put it, "Dunc Wallace" had a sense of wonder, being a man who "absorbed knowledge as plants absorb sunshine and passed it alertly to a friend or student, always simply, as if to share the richness of a well-stocked mind were the most natural thing in the world."

To him, it was natural. And he did it peculiarly well.

BEFORE YOU

Wake up,
oh sleepy head,
Open your eyes,
Today's light
shines brighter
than you think,
and believe me
it's worth getting up for.

Come laugh with me today
and just feel the difference
between city and
openness,
as though perched high
on a ledge,
and looking
down
the want is lessened
with each breath,
simplicity.
unwinds the ego from within
allowing our mummified
selves
to run,
naked,
insane with life.

Come laugh with me today,
or alone tomorrow,
'cuz who really knows
for sure,
you may catch yourself,
laughing.

A friend once said:
"We are but God's imagination."
Though it seemed a bit unusual;

I began,
a thought,
somewhere,
before that
which could ever conceive
what thinking really was,
or is
combining all within
one silhouetted
imagination,
from a left-over
impression
in constant renaissance,
being,
upon,
being,
a foundation
of infinite
change.

"I'll just think on it a while,"
I murmured, and silently walked home.

JOHN-JOHN

Sit.
grey with age,
a cracked glass waits
impatiently.
No sounds come forth;
feared syllables,
reach out oppressed,
by white hands;
The band strikes a note,
another,
and another;
people with clown faces,
annoyed with bed
dash here and there
eating music noise
with closed ears,
eyes colored,
painted with lights,
blinking.

Water is,
everywhere,
a fool sits,
pacing time,
patiently,
for tomorrow's shelter
inside today;
and the drunk cries from the gutter,
and the politician is drunk with power,
and society drinks from his cup;
Electricians fix some televisions
with tubes,
and wires,
knowledge on the screen,
people on the scene,
comfortable in rocking chairs,
at home,
The President speaks!
Let's have Peace!
please:
Back on the streets,
the lights,
the people,
the cars,
the streets.
Why here? cries the Indian;
Why me? shouts the black;
Another beer, argues the brunk;
Lets see, replies the government;
dial G-O-D for help!

War rests,
While the shell hardens
White and glossy
kept clean by the militia,
With yolks of destruction . . .
Nature has evolved,
painting the world,
Without emotion,
for man,
as man;
sits . . .

WINTER SCANDALS

December,
and people walk with quick
brisk steps.
streets are barren
excepting a few lost souls,
wandering,
aimlessly,
darting in and out
from behind warm places,
cold faces
red from icy winds,
which creep around corners.
William Henry Morgan III ran
nude
down main street
with a dollar in his hand
and a tie round his neck
stopping to see a matinee
"Farewell to Arms" . . .
1969
made the news,
another, year,
gone
with celebration
and everyone with clean records,
and hands,
because yesterday
it's:
last year.
Snow
white and clean
now, falling in January
easing, December tensions,
don't even mention
the past;
It's okay;
It's gone,

That was last year,
beggars roam, the streets
dressed
in rags,
Wants a dime
for his time
in the streets,
of your, city,
asking pity;
It's nothing new,
you say,
it snows,
this hard,
here
in the winter,
is dead,
—frozen stiff—
in rags . . . .

All of the poems on the preceding four pages are Mr. Perry's, Class of '71.

CIRCULAR

Tom Beiderbecke

Astute I sit
in midst of all
Blowing wind, Blurry chimes
of God and Man,
Being and clanging -
Then Fast - it stops.

Sun warms, breeze cools
Trees twist to twinkling
brushes of twigs, leaves
Still I sit, but with spirit -
A-moving Blob
speaks its Mind:

= ! =, =*; (+) - ¢ - @ = !!

Alice H. Cochran

GREECE TRODDEN

This humble travelogue is not written for the blase, experienced traveller, nor for the scholar or classicist. It is written for the first-time traveller, nervous about passports and things, foreign money, strange languages and unknown but dreamed of ports. It should be entitled: Yes, Homer, there is an Olympus (if I haven't mixed up my gods).

Faith, I guess, is an old out-dated word, but whether you believe in Buddha, Zeus, or a Christian God, it is a necessary ingredient for human existence. In serious prayers or hopes, faith dies only when the reason for faith dies. In a lighter sense faith keeps dreams alive until they themselves die. I think I had reached the state that faith was a tenacity rather than blind trust. My better judgement told me the odds were against my making Greece.

You ask, why Greece? I don't want the world and every guided tour. All I ever wanted was Greece and I was prepared to accept it as it was. Sometimes now I think I dreamed the whole trip. My husband feels the same way. We had never even flown to New York and there, plop, we dropped in on Athens, *Greece* from a non-stop flight from New York.

It was very early morning Greek time and nightmarish morning E.D.S.T. Our excitement carried us through the time adjustment period. (I come from a long line of journey-proud people. I can't even sleep before a trip to Gaffney the next day.) After this introduction we were engulfed by Greece and all it has ever meant to me. The Acropolis in Athens with its rich treasurers were all I ever expected it to be. The Parthenon was pure gold. We visited it at several different times of day, and always the perfect proportion, the absolute of man's extension, the living end.

We explored all the traditional areas: the National Archeological Museum—so rich, so complete; the Plaka or Market area; the non-resident King's residence, Hadrian's Arch—every tourist trap, *but* we did it at our own speed and time. We could actually walk from our hotel to the Acropolis and thus Greece was trodden.

We worried so about the language. I had even made small signs for my husband so in case of emergency he could find what he needed in a hurry. No problem. I'm not sure what body language is, but with a few gestures, expressions, and nuances we were able to communicate, with everyone—even those who spoke no English.

From Athens we radiated to Thebes, of Oedipus' ill reknown; Ossius Lucas, Byzantine jewel of a monastery; Arachova, the little mountain village where so much weaving and handicraft is done; and Apollo's shrine of Delphi. With our uninitiated eyes we absorbed the passage of the funny, strange-shaped trains, the six-inch high cotton whose whole family crop was harvested in the one-day round trip we made, the grapes grown almost in the bonsai way with thick trunks only two to three feet high producing only 6 to 8 bunches of fruit, but, oh, such nectar for the gods and often wrapped in plastic at that. Do they fear the little foxes or fellow Greeks?

Ancient Delphi, located as it is on the sides of Mount Parnassus overlooking the distant Gulf of Corinth with the steep valley and high rising mountains beyond was the navel of the classical Greek world. Mythology and religion in Greece are difficult to separate, as are mythology and history. The ruins at Delphi are mostly remains of a widespread worship of Apollo, the sun god, but tangled in mythology are strands of an older cult, a worship of Bacchus or Dionysus, the god of wine and pleasure.

Nauplai was an educated guess. We exchanged our half day trip to Corinth for a full day which included Corinth and also added-divine of divines – Mycenae, corresponding to late Minoan civilization, all ruins could ever aspire to be especially the decapitated lion's gate. I hope the Cyclopes did build part of the walls here and at Tiryns and even at Stonehenge and Easter Isle. Super strength was needed and expended. No one prepared me for the Treasury of Atreus or the bee-hive means of construction – I wondered why it wasn't more widespread in use and was told that it was. The only modern structure following the same principle that I could think of was the igloo – but so large in which to bury one person but then there are the pyramids. Also, Schliemann believed Agememnon was buried here and here the famous so-called death mask of Agememnon was found by Schliemann.

Nauplia itself was a must-come-again place with the little, forboding hotel on an island, Bourtzi, once a recluse or retreat for retired executioners. Following Nauplia was Epidaurus and borrowing an expression from McGinnis, Greek playwrights had to be good because the theatres themselves, vehicles for aspiring playwrights had to compete with nature itself and can replica ever replace reality? The natural amphitheatre at Epidaurus is still in use today and its acoustics are nearly perfect for the Greek dramas performed there.

The contrasts haunted me always – the plush Hilton Hotel in Athens (not ours) with every American luxury and the black-draped peasant woman picking cotton or grapes from sun-up to sun-down and in one day (with help) harvesting her whole crop. Later on the boat we had a costume ball and one of the winners was a pseudo-Bacchus draped with real bunches of lucious grapes. He was an entertaining cosmopolite from Johannesburg and our permanent dinner table companion but I never liked him as much after he won that contest. There was much sweat glistening from those grapes.

Dr. and Mrs. Cochran before the Parthenon, on the Acropolis in Athens.

Here they are photographed as they arrive in Rhodes.

The islands of the Aegean were enchanting but nowhere except possible at Lindos on Rhodes was the Zpogee reached as in the Parthenon. Crete and Knossus were a bitter disappointment after studying Minoan history and legend at such length but after all you expect a few snakes in a Mother Earth setting. The restoration was a little *too* much. The ruins of Phaestus and Gortyna must be much better choices. On Rhodes Lindos was breathtaking-pure Grecian ruins surrounded by sapphire seas. All Rhodes was pure beauty, Crete sheer disappointment but then ours was an economy tour.

Our luck held through Hydra, Santorini (2 jack asses riding donkeys), Crete (faintly), Rhodes but then our golden thread frayed. We inherited the first storm of the Aegean in 1971 so we missed Patmos-library of God-with over 350 medieval manuscripts in its monastery library, Delos uninhabited by all except pure Grecian ruins, and Aegina where we missed a small temple to an ancient Minoan goddess, special for us.

We made Ephesus on the second attempt at landing at Kusadasi and I was unprepared for acres of Greek, Roman and Christian ruins all in their glorious state of un-restoration. It was worth the second try. Instanbul's skyline was lovely with its totally foreign thrusts of minarets on both the Asian and European sides. Greece never felt foreign to me. I think I must have a Greek ancestor hiding in my background. Below the skyline however, outside the mosques and the Topkapy palace, Istanbul is a mess. The palace was extraordinary with its casual display of some of the richest jewel collections in the world. Both the mosque of Ahmed I (blue mosque) and Hagia Sophia Mosque lived up to all descriptions. Hagia Sophia however is now a museum and we saw Friday prayer at the blue mosque. The Bazaar was confusing but interesting.

Mykonos on the way back to Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, was offered as a panacea for the other island we missed. It was for shoppers which we are not. You see in my first re-incarnation I'm going to be an archeologist, in my second a geologist, and in my third a botanist- so I have all the time in this world or the next for Greece-trodden, subways in Athens, water scarcities (to drink), choices to make at Delphi, and re-restoration of the House of the Double Axe.

At Santorini the Cochrans were photographed riding asses up a mountainous slope to ruins.

Rusty Howie

SANTA CLAUS, HELL!

love's pain
causes
a sneering grin
to spread across
the ol' heart

much like
the wheezing smile
emerging from
the precious eyes
and shaggily-matted coat
of a dog conquering
his thousandth wheel.

ONE AUTUMN KNIGHT

coldfire rushes meltingly
through my every vein
as her meaningless
tenderly-smooth
finger-tip
circles my palm.

WELL

Daniel Morgan square
street walking woman
staring in the jewelry
store window
with Saturday's lucy-in-the-
sky-with-diamond
Keepsake eyes
Paper bag rustles
with scratchy fingers
probing for unpopped
dimestore kernels
as she crunches
for her last time
breaking gold fillings
She's never had enough . . .

Pig-tailed
little black girl
sunk to her haunches
on sunny afternoon
concrete
telling me "get fucked, you hippie"
'I thought I was your friend'
with a lollipop lick
she said "no"
headshake and move on . . .

Yellow-signed
Ped
Xing white strip
without Walk or Don't Walk
warnings
and the cars Kept
rumbling by . . .

Trod the pavement
for minutes
to find
green grass,
egg security
in vain . . .

GLASSES

With graying hair
and wrinkled forehead
and treading the sidewalk
with worn shoes,
the baggy pantsman
turns to glance over
his shoulder
to catch anyone's eye
scanning his blue workshirt
stitched with the lettering
"Harrison's Vision"
A knowing smile
comes to his face
while his strides lengthen
to find obscurity
around the corner . . .
and god he sighs

OCTOBURR

I

Fall again
comes to mind
and spins
tales of wintry
nights ahead

Moon drifts in
the shadow trees
to find
its face on . . .

II

Reindeer
falling on the roof
homeward bound
from their heavenly journey

The fireplace flames
in fantasy
a refuge
from the cold
outside

Graveyard thoughts
from a living mind
never existed
until
the words of
a pen
were twisted

CHORUS:

Bah, bah black sheep
you haven't any wool
closed line stand
for filling your
giblets Full.

Martin McDermott

ASHES AND WINE

Your laughter floated up
Like colored balloons dancing
Over a vendor's dying head
Against a graying sky.
Bartering for your perfect freedom
From white-robed priests and
Railroad-yard tramps weaving
Cobweb tapestries of cinders and dust
Dreams they have owned too many lifetimes;
Their nodding, burning eyes frame you
In yet another day's failing end
That calls to mind the rasping stillness
Of rat's feet over forgotten newspapers.

Bill James

Blonde girl
In a Friday library-
alone . . .

TEAR

Time—
it was,
when varnished leaves
swooshed about
like burlap marbles.
Blown,
a-symmetrical,
like ocean waves.

The ice age
of our hearts
has numbed our
touch.
Granite benches
and steel fossils
are the
Rose by another name.

Glycerine tears
make their
erosions
upon the chalk face of
Time—

ACORNS

Acorns coat the earth,
Growl and crackle like popcorn
Under tramping feet.

L. Gahagan

"I FEEL LIKE CRYING"

I feel like crying myself to sleep tonight. I am alone in the room that was given to me so that I could have a place to call home. But I know no home except for that secure place within that offers me the comfort and fullness afforded only to those who find it.

Outside my window I see a light almost hidden by the trees and the fog. Trees and fog belong together. Both give a cool deep freedom to man. The light is far away, yet it still delivers a constant beam of that thing one calls dispersion. A ray hits my window quite lazily. Now a leaf completely covers the light. I can see the silhouette of the leaf and not its color. Yet if I knew its color, this greater knowledge would not help me know the leaf. For leaves are things you do not know or meet or hate. They just stay where they are and do wahtever they are supposed to do. Leaves and certain other things like them know that they are just leaves and certain other things and leave it at that. Even if the wind comes along, these unchangeable objects just allow themselves to be overpowered and taken to another place. There they will continue to be just leaves and certain other things. But man is not content with his station in the world. He is constantly trying to refine or redefine himself into something that couldn't possibly be him or a rock or a leaf.

I decided to go for a walk. The first thing I saw was old Mr. Light. He didn't respond to me at all, probably because I didn't even bother to open my mouth to say anything. I know that he was listening—but not to me. I tried to find the leaf I had seen earlier—but to no avail.

A car passed and I remembered that I was really going for a walk. So I turned toward the East and marched bravely onward. As I walked, I found one of those rare moments when you hear nothing speak or see nothing move. The world had found its place. All was content or happy. I know the world was content, because it was complete. I guess that people were just happy. Then the rain hit my face softly. It struck only to remind me that I was in its way as it fell. So quickly I moved on trying to avoid the rain as much as possible. And then I heard an old train whistle give a very sad song. It sang of and for yesterday. Those old trains are gone now, except for the ones they keep as reminders of the past. It seems as though the train knew that the past was no longer here: the past has gone forever. And the trains wants to be with it. But I know that it never found the past. It must now cry in the present and wait for the future . . . . . .

A POWERFUL MAN AND A HUGE COW, A LYRIC

Well it started off I was bobbing
  around in water like I've never seen
I felt like an apple in a big tub
  on Halloween
There were many others like me
  squirming around, making funny sounds.
Some powerful man had the
  power to kill at his will.
The guy in the water before
  me was chosen to die.
He had his head cut off, the powerful
  man laughed as he wiggled
but I don't know why I started
  to cry.
Then he said it was
  my turn, what did I have to say?
I said have you ever played
  touch football on a sunny day.
He laughed and said get out
  of my sight, you're free.
Then all of a sudden I was
  home where I wanted to be.
I was feeling dazed, but was
  suddenly amazed at this huge cow.
It couldn't be; a cow of 7'3";
  someone tell me how.
I walked over to him and
  could see he was a friend
  until the end.

But the end was near,
  because a cow of 7'3" to many would be a deer.
All the hungry people began to chase,
  we had to race.
But no one could catch us
  no matter how hard they tried.
Cause we could run so fast
  and jump so high.
It seemed like we would
  always have to run to be free.
No one would let us be.
Everything felt unreal.
  No sense I could make.
Then all of a sudden, ding-a-ling-ling
I was awake.

Bob Shealy

THE END

This world is gravid with riches and gold,
With sights, the progeny of heaven,
But man still plunders amid the dirt
For all the things which have no meaning.
Oh man how little is our time
To linger here on earth,
Where soul is hidden by the senses
And blinded by the body.
When time's eternal end has come
And earth shall cease to turn,
And God in Heaven comes below
To judge us for ourselves;
Then maybe man will see at last
The treasures that are no more.
All we sought for earthly gain
As quickly gained, is lost,
And man is left a faded creature
Amid the souls of time.

FREEDOM OF CHOICE

I crave for a cigarette.
My throat, already sore from too much smoke
yesterday, cries for more.
My snot laden lungs wheeze for another
hit.
Ha! My mom told me I could be a slave, if
I wanted to, and it seems I wanted to.
But then again, who among us isn't a slave.
The only free men are the dead ones.
Jesus – freaks are hooked on jesus, grass – freaks
are hooked on grass, money – freaks are
hooked on money, power – freaks are
hooked on power, etc., and so forth and so on.

Of course some are freer than others.
This nation was founded on freedom, yet it will
not be a nation that offers true freedom
until it dies.
To live is to be a slave.
I think I'll just enjoy myself another cigarette.

from the pen of

Anthony Andrew Humble III

Lee Cunningham

WE (MAYBE)

let us walk along together
we two
for a bit of the journey we must take
and
since we are going in the same direction
whatever that may be
let us make a union of our time and things

we are not
as they say
a perfect match
for you are not perfect
nor I
for pointing out your flaws
they are ours
or somebody else's
but do they make us any less us

let us be say
traveling companions for some time
I'll keep you company and you me
and we'll not be complete strangers
incomplete strangers.

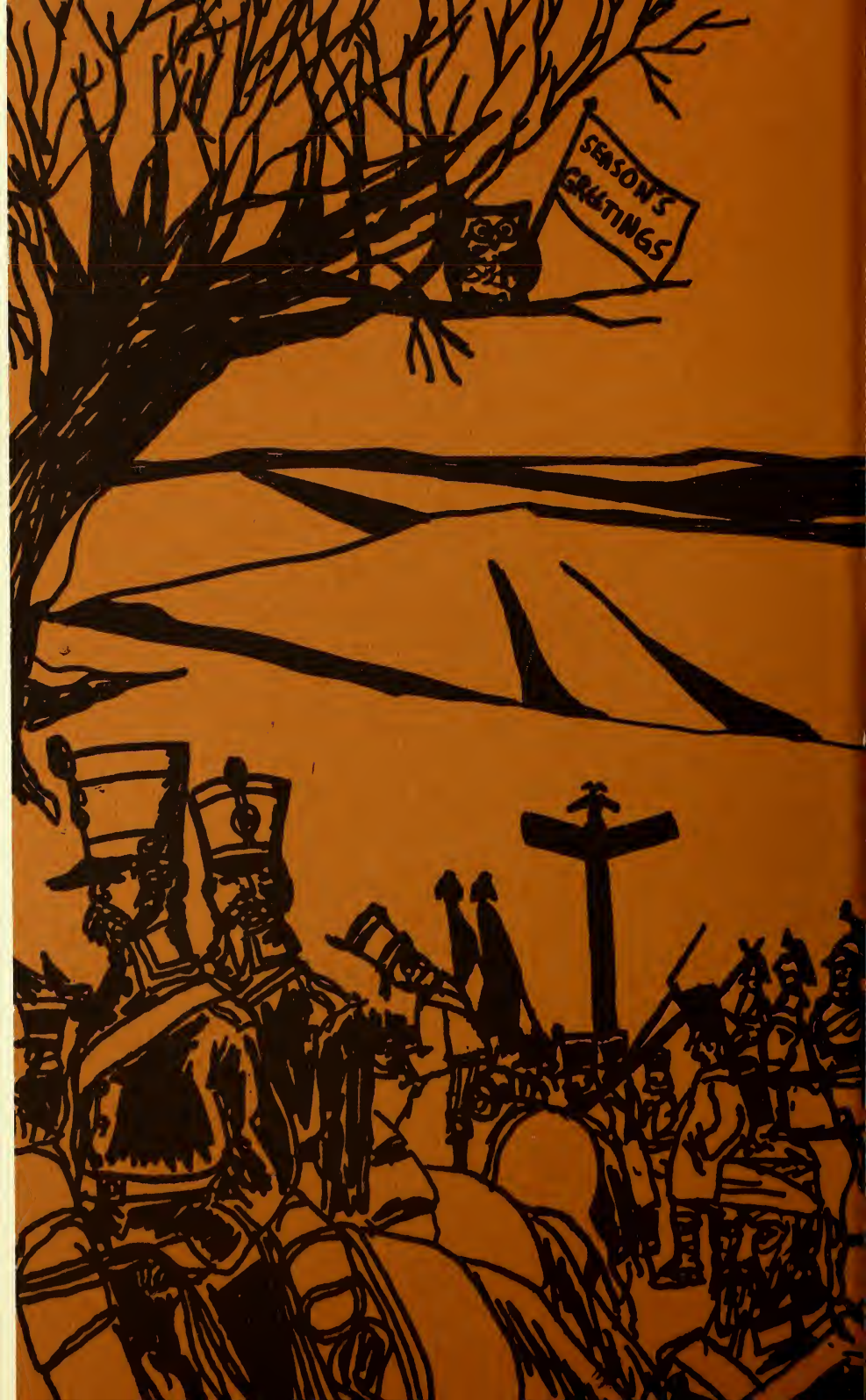
let us let us

lettuce

YOU KNOW

Don't look for me to change
My whole life (just) to please you.
Sacrifices and presents
I won't give (just) to appease you.
  I want some one to stay home with me
  To sit close beside and get bored with T. V.
  Help me along when I'm feeling my pain
  Walk in the sunshine and drive in the rain
Mostly I am me
And woman you know who you are.

You want your way and your flashy friends
Your life begins where my money ends
But that's not me and I won't play the game
You say to listen to what people say
I say it doesn't count anyway
Even if the time was right
I don't think I could take you
I'm too tired to put up a fight
  We don't think the same about things
  That could keep us together strong
  And even though we tried again
  It's been the same way all along
Mostly I am me
And woman you know who you are.


SEASON'S
GREETINGS

THE JOURNAL

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Edited by Andrew Delaplaine

The cover is a portrait of Christopher Perry by Michael Calloway photographed by Michael David O'Cain.

Materials for the final issue must be submitted by April 10.

Alice H. Cochran

MOCKSVILLE ODYSSEY

Frank got to carry the lunch. His shoes had come in the box. We tried the egg basket first but mamma said it looked like we were taking eggs to sell in town. The box didn't look much better because Frank's shoes were too little now, and the silver fish had gnawed the edges off the box.

Mamma had got up before daylight to boil the eggs and fry ole Biddy. We hated to kill her but mamma said proper folk always had fried chicken in their lunches. Of course Biddy was about ready to die anyway. She had the roup and was moulting like fury.

We were going to Mocksville to spend the whole day, mamma and Frank and me and Sister. Papa Dear couldn't leave because the agent was coming about the new cotton seed and Papa Dear had to tend to that. Besides he had been to Mocksville Park and Zoo and he reckoned he had best see about this new red cotton Mr. Tatum was so bent on. Papa said the stalks and leaves were red but the boll was white.

This was our first real trip to Mocksville. We were going on the 6:05 I C. and coming back on the 6:20 I C. None of us except mamma had ever been on a train before. She rode one all the way up to Olympia when she almost went to Y. S. C. W. That's a college. She rode the bus home though.

We had almost been to Mocksville last summer. Uncle Silas and Aunt Sophie took us in their car to Stagman Springs. It had some kind of health water that we all drank but it tasted terrible. Aunt Sophie always drove the car because she was mechanical minded and she was saving on gas. She always cut off the motor and coasted down hill. Driving to the coast she didn't save much though because there weren't any hills. She was the first lady in Oldton to ride in an airplane, too. The Oldton Record gave a free ride to any lady who'd ride in one. She did but mamma didn't.

It was good daylight when we got down to the station. Mr. Jonas was moving crates of pullets out of the shed on to one of his wagons. He said they were going to Laurence, to a chicken farm there. They looked so young and little it was hard to remember when ole Biddy was like that.

The 6:05 was on time and in a few minutes we were passing the K. C. pond. That's where we all learned to swim. Papa Dear had been on the Oldton baseball team and mamma said if he could do that he could at least teach his children how to swim. He did.

A little later a colored man came through saying, "Fust call for brekfus." Mamma wouldn't ever let us call them niggers like our neighbors did because proper folk called them colored people. Of course we didn't go eat because mamma said we'd just had breakfast. The coffee and bacon smell just made us hungry because it was different, as mamma said.

About an hour later a Butcher came through our coach. He had a tray hung on straps around his neck and on it he had the greenest grapes and the yellowest bananas we'd ever seen. We all looked the tray out of sight but mamma reminded us that proper people didn't stare and besides we weren't hungry.

I guess we dozed for a while, for the next thing I remember was the tunnel. Its kinda hilly around Mocksville and the train has to sort of squat down under. The lights in the train went on and we went in the tunnel. It didn't last very long but the hills weren't very high.

Mamma had been to Mocksville many times. She told us about the three things we were to see. Two of them were up town and the other at the end of the trolley line. That station was right in town and we could walk to see the Three-Foot Building and Lide and Cheatum's Drug Store. I know that building was more than three foot tall and that Mr. Lida and Mr. Cheatham really didn't, but I liked the names. I wasn't really disappointed to see the Three-Foot building eight stories tall. Our chocolate soda didn't taste poisoned in Mr. Lide and Cheatum's store and mamma got her change back. We caught the trolley to the most important place, the Mocksville Park and Zoo.

By the time we got there mamma had counted out the coins we could spend. Ole Biddy had laid a lot of eggs to pay for our fun. There was a great big round machine that mamma said was a Merry-Go-Round. She had ridden it so many times that we had to beg to get her to ride with us. She didn't ride on the lion benches like all the other old ladies. She rode side saddle on a black stallion (as she called it).

After we left the Merry-Go-Round we went up to the Ferris Wheel. It looked like a tall waterwheel. Mamma was sort of white when we went up to it but after we begged her she rode it, too. We went really high in the air, Frank and Sister in one seat and mamma and me in the other. We could see the stock yards from the top and the Three-Foot Building.

We were all sort of tired after that and we walked until we found a good shady spot. Mamma said we could eat our lunch there. She unwrapped the fried chicken and the boiled eggs. By now we were so hungry we forgot the fried chicken was ole Bibby. Mamma had a surprise for us, too. She had bought four satsumas for us. They helped cut the grease from ole Biddy and reminded me of Christmas.

While we were eating, the June bugs had just been swarming. Sister and I tried to tie the string off the shoe box on the leg of one but the string was not as tight as mamma's black sewing thread. Mamma hadn't brought her black sewing thread so we had to give up on the June bugs.

Mamma got us ready to see the Zoo. It was real educational, she said. I thought it smelled awful bad and some of the animals were awful mangy but I didn't tell mamma. She specially liked a LLAMA from Peru. It has two L's. It looked like Mr. Ford's spring lamb that he lost before killing time. Most of the animals looked like they wished they could go to Mocksville or somewhere. Anyway they'd never win a prize at the county fair.

By the time we smelled all the animals it was time to catch the trolley and go to the railroad station. We got on the 6:20 and then mamma told us all we had seen. She is real smart and I guess she saw more than we did.

I slep through the tunnel on the way home and Sister never let me forget it. She remembered 2 tunnels and I don't remember but one. When we got to Oldton after dark, Papa Dear wasn't there to meet us. I guess the agent was late or he couldn't catch both mules. Anyway we were all asleep on one of Mr. Jonas's wagons when he finally came, all except mamma.

INTERESTING EXAMINATIONS

(Editor's Note: At the suggestion of one of Wofford's Distinguished Professors—an inveterate follower of Lyell and Agassiz – this continuing feature is commenced; to begin it, an English 101 examination of retired Professor Kenneth D. Coates, who has offices at WSPA in town.)

Once long ago and only a little while after the birth of time, the gods were gathered upon Olympus to consult together concerning the state of man.

And Zeus, chief of the gods, said, "By myself, it seems to me that people know very little, albeit Prometheus did steal fire from us and taught them how to use it, for which I chained him to a rock. What think you Poseidon?"

To which Poseidon made reply, "Surely you are right. For I have but to stir the waters of the sea with my little finger and their boats sink. They know nothing of building and sailing boats."

And Aphrodite interrupted, for she was a woman, and said, "Nor do they know anything of love and beauty. To them love is but begetting children in the spring. And beauty is in the oyster and not in the rainbow hues of the shell."

And Apollo said gloomily, "Only yesterday did I offer to sing to one about the marvelous wonder of a great tree, and I was tuning my lyre when he said, "A tree is but a thing to cut down to make a fire." And I left my lyre untuned and my song is still within my heart."

Hephaestus then grumbled, "They cannot even shape gold into beauty. They know not how to use metals and to make them into useful and beautiful things."

Each of the other gods in his turn made like complaints, so that Zeus thundered, "I will destroy them with my thunderbolts, for it is plain that they are but animals."

But Hera laid her hand on her husband's arm and said, "Not yet." And turned to another goddess asked "What says the wise Athena?"

And Athena made reply: "It is true that man seems not wise, but methinks he is capable of wisdom if he is taught. We are gods. Let us go among men and teach them what we know."

But Zeus, still impatient, answered, "There are so many of them, how shall it be done? If we spend all our time at this task, when shall we drink nectar and

eat ambrosia and hold high festival with ourselves upon Olympus?"

And the wise goddess replied, "It should not be difficult. Let us establish upon yonder fair hill a model village, into which we will gather the ablest men and women from the face of the earth, and each of us will teach a few of them the things we know. Then they can teach the rest of the people. After we have done this, we can return to Olympus and behold the fair prospect of man striving to become like us."

And Zeus said, "It shall be done. I will give the people of the village a sense of law and order."

And Poseidon said, "I will teach some of them how to build ships so that even Aeolus cannot destroy them, and I will teach them how to sail the ships."

And Aphrodite said, "I will teach them that love is more than begetting children."

And Hermes said, "I will teach them how to run races and be strong of sinew."

And Hephaestus said, "I will teach them how to work in metals so that they may make plows, and cooking utensils, and bronze statues and ornaments of gold and silver."

And Apollo said, "I will teach them music and poetry so that they may see the beauty in the sky, and the sea, and love, and all useful things and so that they may sing to us and to men of the wonders of the world.

And all the other gods agreed to teach what they knew. And they being gods, the thing was done. And the village prospered. People in other villages came to watch but understood not, and went back to their own villages and their own ways, so that the gods were much vexed.

And Zeus said to Hermes, "Go and ask among the people why they do not follow the teachings of the people of the village of Laos Gnoseus, for that was the name of the city of experts. And Hermes went and asked. And one said unto him, "Truly these people know how to build boats, but they cannot tell me how." And another said, "They say that this and that is beautiful, but they cannot tell me what beauty is," and so it was with all the people.

And when Hermes, the messenger of the gods, had reported these findings, Zeus said, "Is there not one in all the village who can explain these things?"

THEY SWAT FLIES, DON'T THEY?

Feeling the presence of a person that I knew, I turned in an unwilling, but nonchalant fashion not wanting to move from the sun's warm blanket of blinding white-hot light to look behind the column that was supporting my sagging shoulder blades. Well, it sounded at first like the scuffling of leather-soled shoes upon rough concrete sneaking up on me. But just then two fat flies burst into the sunlight and fell on the sidewalk like two drunken, brawling cowboys spilling out of an alcohol soaked, smokey saloon on a late afternoon T. V. western. In a whirling daze-maze dogfight sounding like rapid-fire bizits-bizit-bizit-bizit-bizits, the both of them shuffled down the sidewalk as one gray blur like a misty Robert E. Lee Halloween birthday party, dragging their fanning wings along quite oblivious to their fooled spectators.

And then I had to come inside and write this sentence fragment down on a beautiful, throbbing Saint Valentine's Day.

newspaper =

Cabbage
rag
red
30
buy-lines
advertising
government
hating
Cherokees
weathering
funny-page
obituary
columns
(right!)
soldiers
columns
(left)
Vietnam
Belfast
in a flaming trash can
stuffed with
paypee!
hawker
pulp!

journal deadline
4 times
a year

enough snuff. . .
at-chew

WISHFUL THINKING

With brown-madeup
round Yankee eye
you look at me
but never touch
With my eyes
my look is my touch
Mirrored stares can
sometimes be revealing
only if there exists
a spirit in flesh
worth reflecting gnitcelfer htrow
upon .. ..nopu

Piano sound notes lingered
in the dusty air of basement rooms
with melodies of South Pacific paradise
Bali Hai scored on diaphragm walls
Upon walking outside
I discovered
the airplane-clouds
breathed of that same haven

With twinkling of his eyes
the black student tipped the Dixie cup
to his lips until the milk ran its last drops
of the race . . .
cow food and inner chuckles
come easy these days

Ideas creep into rapid eye movement
though patterns
anxious to know how my mind will react
waking up (at 1:40 in the morning)
long enough to write
"Silence is to be found
hidden in the caves of sound."
However: We awl know po'try
gotta rime
an' cayun nawt
be murly p-p-p-rose
lions chopped up
an' tapped out
lak we cudd'unt s-s-s-pell
ah nayem. . .
aw, yez, jus' 'bout fo'got:
Dahlect en these he-yah pawts
e-yez frawned upawn,
but et's po'try
ifen et hayez meatah - -
That's 39.4 inches, AmeriKani
It's two o'clock
Sweet dreams of pastel sugar plums (with cream)
dancing on my bed

I saw flames
lashing back at the Black Hole
of Calcutta
with seedless orange tongues
above sister institution
Converse last night,
but the hoses streamed from town
to put out
their fire . .
Mother Superior
have mercy (beau coups)
on my soul!

THE COMMON GROUND

mothers cry in cornered rooms
desperately seeking fathers.
yet pregnant sobs-
slow
plodding sobs-
abort
phone perched 'I need You's.'

And the weeping mother willow
in another place
knows nothing of this

said the sage

and
crunch the apple,
mold the clay . . .
grope for Love
but embrace your dog—
tightly,
crushingly
embrace your dog . . .
and know
his thumping heart
thumps
for you

OWED TO A CACOON

freely flitting butterfly,
happy worked cacoon,
flutter fly
flutter fly,
'neath some virgin moon.

beneath some maiden head
light,
upon her body settle;
now flutter fly
        flutter fly
freely flitting butter-
fly!
    (happy worked cacoon)

AN AUTUMN

chattering squirrels
little girls
romp in just-raked leaves
rascals hurry chores
hi-flyers soar
i laugh
again

MONTH

Beginning is new moon
unseeable, unknowable
but there
First quarter she comes on
gradually, cautiously
half-aware
Second quarter waxes full
gladly, totally
half-way there
Commences waning in the third
slowly, sadly
hardly fair
Fourth and final ends the time
darkly, silently
still there

Wrap me up in moon-arms
gently, closely
come near
Talk to me in moon-tongues
quietly, peacefully
come near
Stay more than a moon-day
happily, freely
I'm here.

FINE LADY

i like to drink your steamy tea
eat your cake and berries and cream
and talk about nothing for hours on end
drink your wine 'til it makes me dream

i like to ride around with you
and see what there is to see
and maybe stop somewhere for something to eat
(i play with a waitress or three)

i like you fine lady
i'll fill your demands
tho' I'm just a picker
with steel burnt hands

i like the ways you say and do
the things that you like to me
and never give a thought to what
the "proper" type thing might be

i like the way you are and more
i like the things you like
how nice it is to have things
we like so much alike

i like you fine lady
i'd like to fit your plans
tho' i'm just a picker
with steel burnt hands

TO J., GRATEFULLY

You came and brightened the day.
You smiled and made us share
the radiance with which the Gods,
in a moment of pride and ambition,
sought to bless us in Olympian way.

For me it was something more.
You laughed and cried and told me
your secrets, your dreams, your needs.
And though you never come again,
you gave me riches when my heart was poor.

Randy Francis

APE THINGS

coca cola
lakes
with glass fish
acrylic trees
stand on
polyester grass
breathing
the carbon monoxide
dawn
rubber monkeys
swing on
plastic lines
and ape things
bounce down
asphalt paths
of man's carnival marriage
to that swanky
surrea listic
reality
called
progress
which is
about to
bring
Earth to an

SAMBO

she makes butter
out of tigers
rumboat sailor
anchored
to
crooning negro dock
knew this too well
the day he saw
the amazon king's empties
under her bed
his friend's words
came back
she makes butter
out of tigers

UNKNOWN FEELING

if i say
i love you
i don't know
my mind runs
like men on flander's field
tripping on poppies
fools pour roses
on flander's field
where
three-hundred-thousand rednecks
killed each other

ORGASM

jumbo airplane
jetting in streams
along cemetery road
crushing me to death
                i wake
she had waited for me

MORALITY

"Morality
  has nothing to do
  with style!"
                said the mini to the maxi.

Professor Grope, a Bumbling Clown of a Fellow.

VIEW FROM THE HILLS

The old man was soon to leave for the mountain.
Knowing It was now . . . ., I asked, "What is life about?"
Kindling his thoughts, he said, simply, "Doing things."
I felt the wedge well set and asked, "Doing what things?"
Again simply, "Doing the things the mind thinks worth while."
Then in a flare, to show me, he added, "Greatness,
Greatness lies in measuring and doing, Look around,
You see a man's measure in his doings.
You see what life's about better 'n he does.
Life's about doing things. Most folks don't know it."

FALL IS COMING AND SO IS SPRING

Fall is coming in the Carolina Hills, Sourwood's already scarlet,
Hickory will be the next to turn, Yellow leaves broad as bream,
More color follows as Maple turns, but for a while the leaves
Are still testing the windy nights to see, what hues they should be.

Dogwood has another message clutched in swelling green buds.
After the colors have come and gone, After the Snow has come
and gone, After the warm days have come again, these then brown
buds will split and show the Dogwood blossom for all to know
It is Spring.

DEATH

Youth laughs in misbelief at death.
Time itself has no point beyond the now.
Middle-aged quail knowing time flows on
and death is nearer yet, with things to do.
Older still and grizzled in the wars they find
daily struggle too hard, choosing the lesser thing
Laugh at last in full belief of death.

Lance Leonhirth

IN DESECRATION OF JOYCE

What man of matter
be you can be to be
genius a rare so
that in such time so short
apres la mort
you are. Are you?
why
it gauche is
(asknow you well)
2--B so
acclaimed
maintenent
apres la mort.

you ol' trend setter!

BETWEEN SLEEP

The
sheets are
wrinkled and perfumed
with our persperation

When I roll over
and open my firey lids
the cherry blotches
(on your tapestry) turn to toasted browns.

Your (shy but anxious) carresses
of the carpeting I reserve
intimate,
are like icicles in me;
though you were a virgin
(you have always been a Lover).

SITTING CAT-SMUG

Go on sea-eyed girl,
only tears make you a lady
but without lace
you have only mop-rags

We are boulder to another,
echoing soap operas
which we both despise so.
Empty oil drums speak
with more warmth.

Look at yourself—
sitting cat-smug
on all your intolerance
The wind whistles
through your ears,
A door opens, a closet,
and ghosts court your soul.

Sara Ellis

This morning
I observed a fish,
his mouth wide open,
towing a fluffly pink elephant
through a sea of blue
while a curious ostrich
looked on from above.

but this afternoon it rained.

Colin Campbell, Jr.

When the woods fly swiftly by,
Through colors in the sky,
Images that still remain,
Within the minds of the same.

With the beat of a thousand hooves,
Flying freely through the woods,
Triumph hit its usual light
With the hounds in sight.

One lone being running fast,
Hoping that it won't be his last,
Springs for freedom of life,
For close behind flies his strife.

He is caught, dead and gone,
Never able to hear his song
Death comes so suddenly,
Even for things that are free.

DEATH

It's not fun to walk in this sun anymore.
The harsh climate has reduced it to suffering pain.
The bigot in liberal colors, death masked by
birth, and sorrow covered by smiles — have
taken their count.

The hope that led us on far off dreams has
like the sun — a new season.
A season of winds and rains
A season of promises,
And all that remains are promises nothing
Shells
and a bang that rattles.

An endless march,
A beating drum, retirements,
Regrets and "I'm sorry" (these)
Come much too late or far too
soon,
But now it's late.

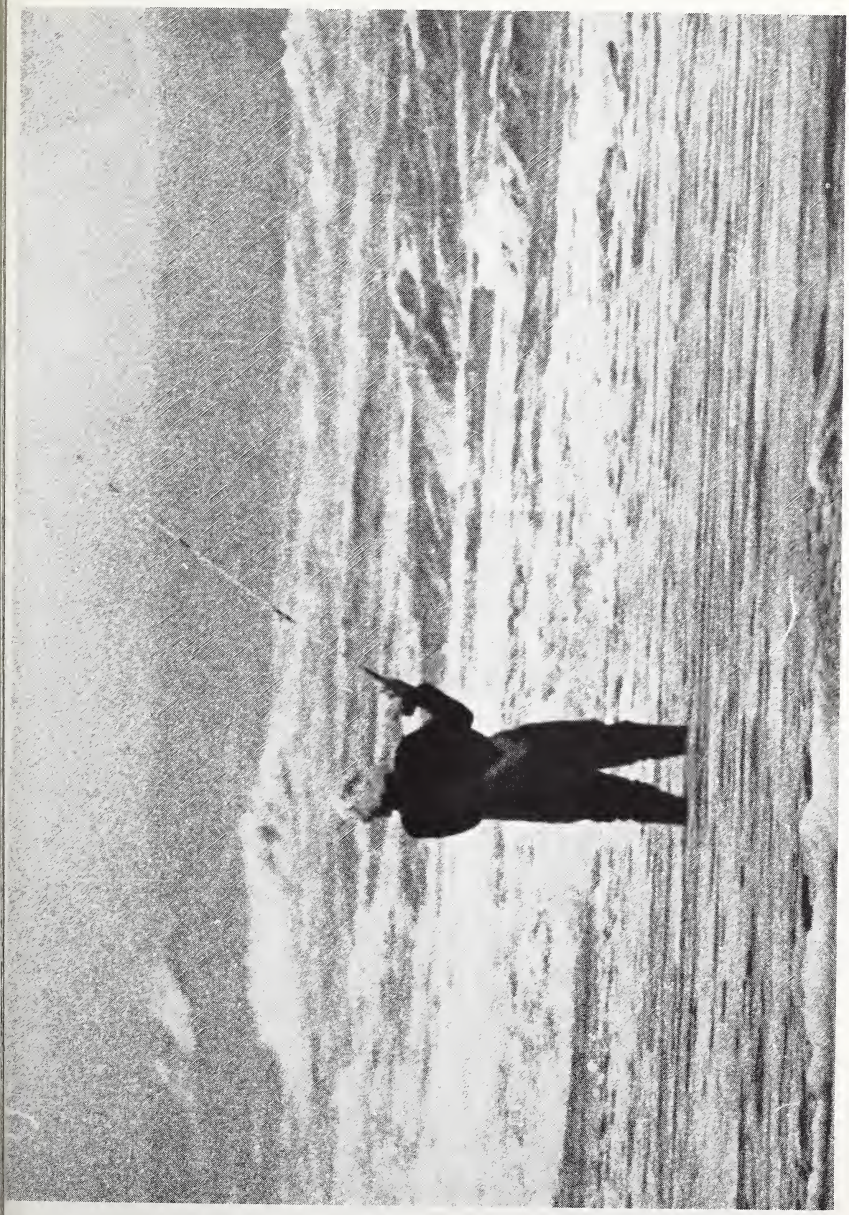
And who would dare go twice?

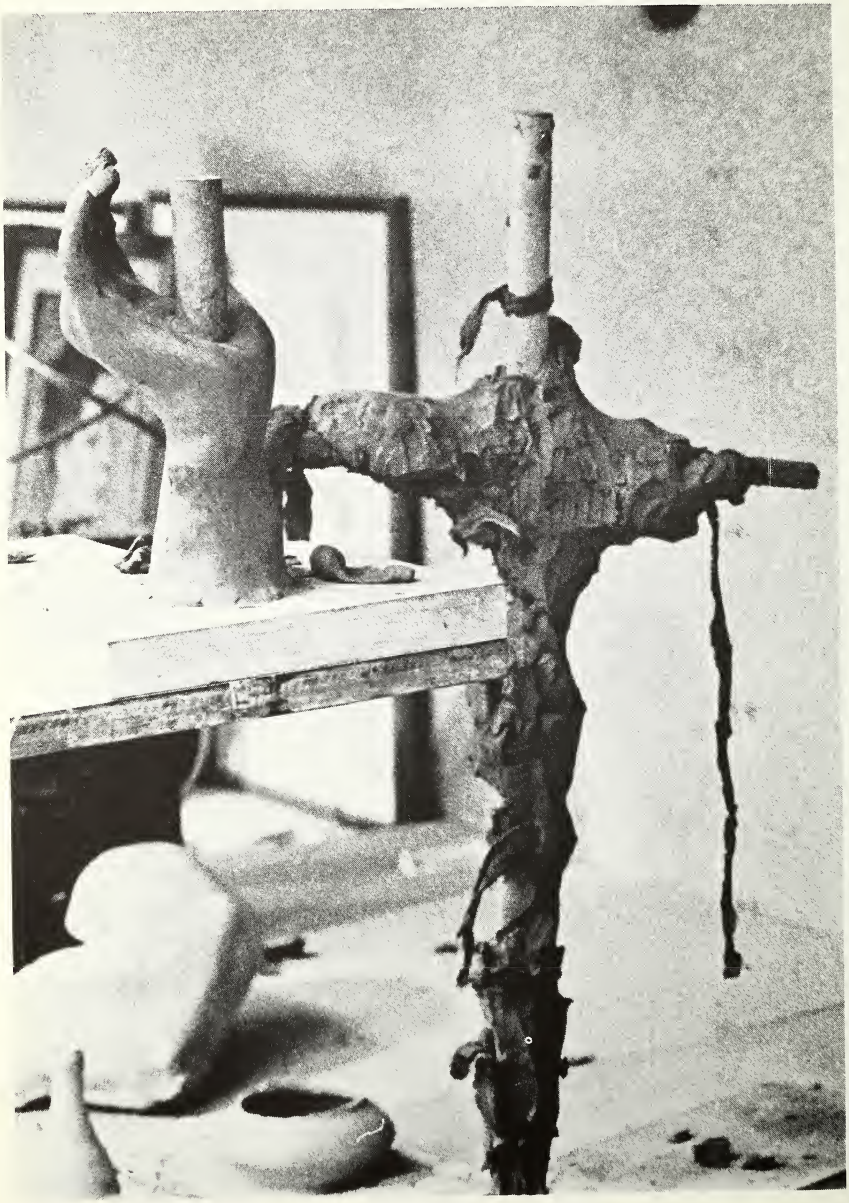
THE GRIN

Why, the laughter that swirls
around,
Tears down the putrid white painted walls,
That loom up, touching the sky.

This mirth that flowed, and glowed, and
shook,
Reached into the classroom and tugged at
the corners of my mouth until a smile appeared there.

When the green-painted drab faces glared,
then I stared, and I Laughed;
Then the caramel-coated shaking giants
rolled on the ground beside me.





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Edited by Andrew Delaplaine

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To S.E.

I

You've heard of those who loved and lost,
Of those whom passion has heaped
About the waves of tears, who weapt
For years with lovers' fears embossed

Upon their gently heaving hearts?
They're the lucky ones. What of those
For whom the scent of one sweet rose
Never sparked the mind to lover's arts?

Never brought to mind the June, July
Or August evening air that two tight
Lovers, hard embraced, breathed in all night
Into their straining breasts, as heart on heart they sigh?

Who never knew the taste of warm sweet tears
Upon the longing lover's frightened lips?
Whose lips made many a hundred tender trip
To kiss a cold nose or to banish fears?

To warm one's ears with hotter breath?
To smooth the brow or kiss the chin
Of a lover sighing deep within?
A loveless life's a living death.

II

The only love I ever really wanted
Was sealed unto another by a ring,
A silver band, a diamond—damnéd thing
That snapped my vaunted heart and fogged my vision.

She liked me nonetheless, was gentle, sweet and fine.
She made me feel important: or just more
Than either God or man had made me feel before.
And so I loved. So easily is it said in half a line.

And yet no love returned; no salving kiss
To quench a thirsty love; nor
Touch, nor gentle kiss for
Which to pine when it is missed.

The plague kills some,
And some of heart—break die.
So doctors sent me into bed to lie
With an illness I "could not recover from."

III

As pining lovers dying often are,
I found my dreams had wafted me to Venice.
Reality I found too wrong and rather more a menace
To my health than the sky—scaling car

That slipped me fast to fairy—land
Two hundred years ago. No more the panting heart,
No sad—faced sighs reflected in the watery mirage.
I was a gentleman in the ambassador's entourage.

And on this fair warm eve I was about to start,
As representative of my country at a wedding feast,
Some several courts away. My old gondola
Had a fine carved figure fixed below

The prow. She had nor arms, nor legs, but was the
more increased
In visual effect by her enigmatic eyes.
Aye, such eyes! — eyes that spoke to sound for arms
And legs and quiet wooden tongue alarums

Of the mind. Why tongue a sigh or heavy felt goodbye
When eyes may speak if tongues be tied?
So through the wrinkled waters of the Grand Canal,
Our progress always quiet, smooth and formal,

The vessel moved, and never once belied
Her shhhing of the white beat waters beneath her bow,
As her slippery–sided form slid mastless
Past pointed Moorish arches gilded,

And high facades of palazzi nobly made
With marbles from Venetian quarries deep––
Polished marbles gleaming from slivers
Of moonbeams in the dark canal dews

Cast about like cat–eyes in the night.
Thus sat I, reclining on my satin–seated couch.
Could my mouth drink of water
As my eyes did of the city, my unlegged gondola

Would drop to earth, rock–rooted to a halt––
And all the water drunk by me.
Ah, the images reflected
In the canals of a thousand years!

I looked into the dark waters over the side,
And saw, thought I, Othello staring sternly back.
But it was myself, made darker and more fiersome
By the heavy darky deep and the gondolier's confusions.

My quiet hour quickly flew,
The sweet soft waltzes drifted to my ear,
And barcarolles raised up my ready heart
As we came unto the lighted high palazzo.

Arriving at the marble—columned palace,
And docking at the water landing stoop,
The barnacles crushed quick and sharp beneath my slippered toe,
As bluecoat brawnes held fast my little ship.

Announced to all and then ignored
As someone there for show and not to know,
I joined the dancing company,
And whirlagigged my way away.

All the dancing women, handsome
Men, fell into step and out of step again,
As colors blended, sinews tended,
All contended for the prettiest maid

Or best made leg that turned a
Graceful turn. Jeweled gowns
All turning merrily around to the
Music—master's slicing wand drew

Heavy—visaged frowns from corner—
Closeted dowagers. And tears of
Perspiration decked the foreheads of the
Dancing flock: Time had lost his clock——

Until the music stopped!
And eyes looked up the staircase grand
To see the happy wedded pair descend.
And O, I dabbed my warm and dancing forehead

With my cloth, and then looked up——
To see none other than the love
I left a dream or two behind——
Now all, all remembered, and former misery

Not gone, nor banished, but still with me.
The lady on my arm looked me strangely up and down,
My arm shook and my eyes went wild,
My breath more sudden, and my color wan.

I looked on my lost love —— not a perfect rose,
But all the more as sweet because I loved her.
Transfixed, my shaking ceased,
As now from near a pillar

On the scene I looked.
I closely looked on her and feasted,
Ate the dishes of her creamy skin,
Delighted over hands and swan—soft neck.

And the eyes for dessert!
Ah, eyes, eyes, eyes,
So round and large and glistening,
Expressing all the feelings of a being

In a glance, all her thoughts in a stare.
And if *all* in a moment's glance,
What then of a minute's?
What then of an hour's close and clinging gaze?

So much like God these eyes,
So far beyond our little understanding.
So deep and dark, luxurious and wide:
God never made a soul behind such eyes to hide.

A stanza for these eyes!
Could I ring a cloud with rope
And climb it up to heaven?
A hundred harems have eyes

No more exotic, dark or 'luring.
Solomon saw no eyes like these.
Nor saw he any pool in Persia
As deep and lovely, clear and bright

(As water sprinkles in the desert night).
No! A thousand Persian pools
Could not compare to either eye alone,
Or to the thread I spin from off the spool

Of Love. Eyes that send me reeling,
Feeling for a rock to grasp.
I drown, yea, and deeper sink
Into the vastness of these eyes:

These honeyed, liquid eyes,
Rippling pools of life. I suck
The honey deep, and darkness comes, and sleep,
As I die in pools of light.

Each eye is not a dove,
But the wide sky where the dove flies.
O, horrid indecision,
Make up my mind for me.

How to speak? I feel but cannot speak.
My love so ties my tongue I cannot speak,
And yet so dizzy, nervous, and my knees so weak.
What to say? How to converse?

Converse, converse, converse!
But O what must be said is yet unsaid.
O, tie the flying heart!
They leave! ascend the highest stair,

And turn to wave us to the evening air.
The ball concludes and notables depart.
My turn to go comes on, my ship called up,
My name called out, ——— to go!

How could I face the glimmering thoroughfares?
The watery grave of how many, many more of hopeless loves?
There the vessel waited —— the silken
Drapes gently prodded by the breezes' stroking arm.

Enticing me away, away, away.
And still my heart entreating me to stay,
Yet stay, yet stay, no harm will do,
If only for the night go not away.

But out I went to the landing stoop
And there was helped into my long black boat,
Which looked more like a galley ship of old,
And me the slave confined to silken pillows, because confined
alone

While my love ascends the stair.
She ascends the stair of state,
I descend the stoop's sea stair
Into the evening air, as she for another's love prepares.

Without my word or leave my gondolier
Heaves the hulk about and hums his
Soft, then heavy beated barcarolle.
But no, I could not go. I could

Not leave my love behind again.
I could not face canals
So old and dark, and bridge—encrusted isles.
Nor look from bridge to bridge

As lovers look for shadow hiding places
From the city's life.
This city of shadows, Oriental murmurings
And masques of life and death.

O Venice, are you Venus, too?
Love's enchanted isle on earth?
Where fairies feed on fancies freed?
And misery stands for Furies' mirth?

O Venus, do you ever lose in love?
Do you feel the heartache ache?
Venus? Flesh bespangled spirit
Of the giddy mad imagining mind,

Waft me now away from here,
Cut my senses, let no more the dizzying smell
Of perfumes blown across the
Adriatic from Illyria, slice my soul in two.

Venetian lights die one by one,
As all alone I sit aship, still
Floating in the same canal:
I hang now on the bow——

The only light I now allow
Is that one (of the lovers' room).
My tears now wet my lash,
Now trickle down my cheek.

And O, if souls could weep,
The drowsy deep gondolier would never keep
My steady boat afloat.
O! I could weep canals full

If only souls could weep.
Did Venice once have hard brick roads
As Pompeii had before the storm,
The harsh volcanic rain?

Lovers have wept Venetian streets afull,
And now where flocks of sheep once walked,
Only gondoliers ply the full canals
Of Venice —— baleful vales of tears:
In Venice, where love dies,
Many dead lovers' souls are dry.

And so I cry,
Wondering what good are sighs
And tear–full hearts of lovers' eyes,
If love goes unrequited.

And unrequited because unknown.
Unknown? Can love live all alone?
If the spheres could hear
A lonesome human sigh

No sphere's too high to hear,
For I could whisper to the planets
Of my love for her
If but known:

And yet alone I live,
And pine away upon
A fine gondola bow in Venice
Known to none and all —— Anon.

Anon, anon, anon!
O heavy felt obscurity!
Shall I call out to the lady
That I shall come anon?

And yet I'm none —— anon;
Of shadow nor of substance;
A never met memory;
Nor image of the eye.

All anon,
And my dearest love now gone.
If dreams are so deceitful,
Awake what shall I find?

O Venus! I beg thee take me far away——
And yet a moment let me stay.
Take me away from what I cannot have,
What the lady would or could not give.

But if you waft me thus away,
I doubt that I could live,
Stranded in a foreign soil
And breathing air she did not breathe before.

So let my final stanza leave me here,
Perched upon a bow and lands away,
Looking to the yellow window bright,
Framed against the blue of dark midnight:
And my two eyes two tender liquid tears
Of empty fears and hopeful expectation
Of that time when I awake,
And all is well!

POLES AWAKENED

O, the night
so subsensible
much like a basement
lit by broken
light bulbs
And the way
where has the way gone?
vanished
on the strewn-glass bedeckled
streetway
Breath me deep
Breath me deep
lung swollen rhythms
rise to sink
sink to rise
Cover the body well
blanket the swells
Warmth from radiant
heat sinks
in stifle darkness
for dayshine rebirth
Behold
me tight
Slice
me loose
Call
me by no name

AMPHIBIAN BACH

straight beach road
pitted with pot-holes of
fresh rain water
darkness steals me blind
primal swamps infringe
upon the fears of the ocean people
in these times
with frog life
splashing about
unseen
but with directive
which envelopes me in mass chorale chants
within their foggy sanctuary . . .
(with feeling now)
"Ramalive—are you!"
"Ramalive—are you!"
"Ramalive—are you!"
"Rama. . . . . ."

then silence

REVOLVING MEMORY

Wind chimes crystalline stars
strung from night dome
Cold dew crouches in patches of brush
winter crushed
Flickering lights
slip through darkness
revealing the fleeting fluting silhouette
of an air-born metal bird
on the glowing membrane
of the moon's half-closed
eye
Electric lines drawn forth
from cross-barred poles
sing the hymns
for the fields
where summer crickets
once played
their love songs
And my love lies
dreaming
the skys away

TO THE BREATH OF SPRING (a flower)

Oh, lovely flower that blooms at Christmas time
When all around thee sleeps beneath the cold,
As notes that come from heavenly songs sublime
I see they buds with sweet perfume unfold.

But tell me why they call you breath of *spring*?
Thy blossoms first appear at *winter's* birth!
Two months 'twill be before the robins sing
Or yellow jonquils bright bedeck the earth.

I think I know: A herald sent thou art
To bring long ere spring's blossoms come to stay
Thy fragance and thy beauty to my heart—
In winter's night a herald of the day!

For long before the darkest night has passed
Hope's spark to tell of coming day is cast.

THE RIVER (a sonnet)

The troubled waters of the river flow
On toward the mighty, vast, and clear blue sea;
Held in by verdant banks they onward go;
They roll forever on, are never free.

To pass the shoals, the rocks, and stay within
The rugged banks so filled with roots and life,
The river flows, keeps up its fight to win,
Beneath the surface knows but toil and strife.

So like the muddy stream, which one fine day
With ocean clear does blend and is forgot,
Is blinded love that goes its weary way
With arduous toil and strife its tedious lot.

We find that blinded love's a rivulet
That disappears in time, then we forget.

It used to be
How many friends can you keep?
I said all – but knew none.

Then it was
How many hearts can you break?
I said none – but knew all.

Now it is
How many lives have you lived?
I said one – but know none.

A life without a friend is like a stone on a sandy
beach: alone

T. J. Post
¢ (ret.)

Johnny James

MUSICAL SEA BEANS

Who the hell did they think he was, some goddam fluke who learned to play the horn from his father because he didn't have enough spine to do what he wanted to do with his life on his own? Hell no. He learned how to play the goddam horn because he wanted to play the goddam horn. And he learned well. That's why they hired him at the Philharmonic. He didn't want to work at the Philharmonic or any other orchestra. He wanted to cut his own records, but until the right break came along, he had to eat.

Actually, he was just a little pissed off because they had told him to play this Mozart horn concerto a *cer*tain way, and that wasn't *his* way. He wasn't that crazy about Mozart or any other established composer anyway, but he could play them because that's what they wanted to hear at this particular Philharmonic and at every other goddam philharmonic across the country. So that's what he'd play. It wasn't the goddam compromise or anything that he was making to play at the Philharmonic until he could get out onto a profitable enough free-lance career in music, that didn't bother him. He had enough confidence in himself to know that he'd do all right in a couple of years. It's just that these big goddam organizations, like the Philharmonic, wanted everything *their* way. Never any room for a soloist's personal interpretation unless he was some renowned soloist brought in from outside to perform. Then they couldn't very well tell him how to play his Mozart. "Mozart belongs to everybody." Everybody who isn't on the payroll and everybody who hasn't got his job to worry about. Creers, the head of the horn section, had suggested that he play the Mozart piece straight "and with an attitude of technical restraint," he said. Creers had a briar in his ass because the goddam Musical Director seemed to like him and had given the Mozart to him and not to him. He was lucky he hadn't been fired right there because he had been just about to tell Creers where to shove his technical restraint when the Musical Director had ambled over to chat with them. Technical restraint.

Frankly, there wasn't much at all that he liked about the whole goddam Philharmonic, from the top-drawer-*nouveau-riche*-Jewish-intellectual-priss-ass-Musical-Director down to Creers the Queer. The only thing he could think of that he liked was one of the receptionists named Jill. He hadn't known her long because she had just started working there, but she was sharp, learned her way around quickly, and looked like she'd been around quickly.

The guys in the horn section had talked about Jill more than a couple of times. She was from Vassar and was working at this job until a spot opened for one of the big fashion magazines in New York. She had a job promised her in four months, so she was working at the Philharmonic to fill the interim. It was said that her dad knew the Musical Director like a brother and that's how she got the job. She also happened to know a lot about music and could even play a couple of instruments. So it was said. He had not come by his job in quite such an upper-crust way. He had gone to the University of Vermont. Does anything

else have to be said? No one in the horn section had ever touched her though. He could understand that easily enough. They were all pretty much churls except for him, and everybody else was middle-aged. He was the closest one to Jill around the horn section. Of course there were a few other guys in their twenties in the orchestra. A couple of fellows in the violin section, but they were dumb-ass dullards if he'd ever seen any, devoted to Brahms and nothing else. You know the kind. Then there was a guy in drums, but he wore a crew-cut and looked like he wanted to go to West Point for summer vacation. Long haired, mini-skirted Jill would never go near him. There was this guy named George he knew off-handly who played a cello. George was pretty hip. They had gotten together a couple of times and saw each other every now and then at the same party somewhere in the Village, but that was about all.

Every now and then Jill would come over to the hall to distribute music during rehearsal days when all the receptionists weren't needed. On this particular day he was going to go through all three movementsof the concerto with full orchestra accompaniment. Jill was laying music in the drum section. He was ostensibly looking over his music, but he was really looking over Jill. She glanced at him once, but since she saw he was looking before he could avert his glance, she didn't look anymore. (Every time he tried to avert his goddam glance he got seen.) She finished with her music in the drum section and then wandered over towards him. He laid his music aside and watched her coming. What could he possibly think about her except that she was young, smart, pretty and therefore possessed of everything else, underneath the surface (until she proved otherwise), that made her desirable? Of course she had those human qualities that one is not supposed to forget because when one does one treats such a pretty young thing as an object and not as a human being. Oh, the sociologists! Most of the men in the orchestra were wandering around talking to one another. A few were tuning their instruments.

"Hello," said Jill.

"Hello."

"Do you know Sally?" she asked with a bright smile on her face and a toss of her head as she sat down next to him.

"Sure, I know Sally." Sally was one of the receptionists.

"How well?"

"Well . . ," he said with a trace of a smile.

"Quit flattering yourself," she said. "You've never made it with her."

His smile was gone. "Well, you're right. Maybe you shouldn't've asked."

"Why were you putting me on with that suggestive smile?"

"You never know what will develop."

"With Sally?"

"Yeah, or any of her friends," he said as he offered her a cigarette and lighted one for himself.

"Thanks, but I don't like Winstons. They never taste as good as your own joint should."

"Sorry," he said. "I thought you were supposed to be polite and pretend that every man who offered you a cigarette just happened to smoke your brand?"

"Oh, really?" she said. "How long have you thought that?"

"I'll get over it. It was undoubtedly my very warped upbringing."

"Yes, I can tell by the curve of your forehead."

"My forehead?"

"Yes, your forehead. It's very warped."

"It is? In what way?"

"Oh, that would take too long to explain right now . . ."

There was his opening. "You realize," he said, "that that was a line designed to get me to say something like, 'Well, why don't we meet later in some cozy little nook somewhere inside the great concrete jungle that is this terrible place called New York like your apartment, for instance, or my apartment, for example, so that you can explain to me all the precise and intricate ramifications of what you just said?' You know that's what kind of line that is, don't you?"

"Wouldn't you be just a little disappointed in me if I didn't?"

"That means Yes. Hmmmm. Well, why don't we meet somewhere later in some cozy little nook hidden away from the wealthy and famous, far away inside this concrete jungle that is this terrible place called New York so that you can explain to me all the precise and intricate ramifications of what you just said? Would you like that Miss Riding Hood?"

"Yes, I believe I would."

"My apartment?" he said.

"Or mine?" she said. "Got a coin?"

"One or two here and there in the world. How about a nickel? Heads or tails?"

"I'll take heads."

"I'll take tails."

"Yes, I bet you would," she said.

He looked at her twice, put the coin in his pocket. "Let's say mine at seven or eight. Of course you know the address?"

"Of course."

"Sally?"

"Of course."

"I hope you don't like Sally," he said.

"Why?"

"Because she's a jack ass's prick. And a transvestite."

"I wouldn't really know. I've never seen her private parts."

"Neither have I."

"Then how do you know?"

"I can smell any distinct odor at least eight-four feet from its source." She looked wide-eyed but not startled. "It's the truth," he continued. She began to smile a little. "I've had tests run."

"Tests?"

"Yes, tests." He did his best to look indignant.

"Why are you looking so indignant?"

"Never mind," he said. "It was this guy I knew at school. I knew this guy when I was in college whose big bag was the olfactory nerves, so I picked up some money by letting him test my smelling ability. I never say what I was smelling of course, but he told me I could distinguish between male and female smells without visual aid. I could tell you were a woman from eight-four feet away even if I couldn't see you."

"I don't believe you. Anyway what's all that got to do with a jack ass's prick?"

"You're right," he said.

"Why did they give you the concerto?"

"Because I'm a splendid horn player."

"Do you like him?"

"Who?"

"Mozart, of course."

"Of course."

"Of course Mozart, or of course you like him?"

"Of course both."

"Should I pause now so that we both know that the conversation isn't exactly rippling along?"

"How about one more 'Of course'?" he said, laughing.

"All right."

"I really don't give a damn for Mozart, if you really want to know."

"Tell me, do I really want to know, or am I just flattering you by asking since you're the only man around here under eighty-five?"

"Well, that all depends on, well, on whether you consider me a human being with valid emotions and tensions and problems, or just merely as an object of desire."

"That's what it depends on, huh?"

"Something like that."

"You wouldn't want to be an object of desire, would you?"

"Why don't we talk about that later," he said. "The rest are beginning to come in." The orchestra was nearly full now and the tuning of instruments was becoming louder and louder. "Come for dinner?"

"Sure," she said, getting up and threading through the other musicians. "And I'll be hungry," she called over her shoulder with a smile. The musicians looked at her and then at him, and then there was a little subdued, middle-aged chuckling before the sound of instruments being tuned drowned it out.

After the full rehearsal as he was going down the great stone stairs outside the hall, he saw Jill ahead of him. She ducked into a cab and was gone. He took the subway to East 33rd Street and went up to his apartment. In a couple of hours she would be coming over.

He surveyed his apartment, epitome of bachelor living that it was. He tried to look at it as though he were a girl coming there to be given dinner and a line good enough to be seduced by. And then he thought he wouldn't really have to worry about giving Jill a line or anything like that because they were both consenting adults and everything was freer now. His apartment looked like the inside of a goat's stomach. What a winner. There was this real cheap walnut panelling on the walls: the kind that was 8 by 4 and you could nail up yourself. He hadn't nailed it up himself, however, because when he had rented the place he hadn't really given a goddam what the walls looked like. At one end of the living room there was an expensive (on his salary expensive) stereo set made by Sears. He had put it on his revolving charge account because he had not had enough money to pay for the bloody thing anywhere else. It was about the best you could get at Sears. The salesman had said so, " 'Bout the best you gonna get from Sears, bud." The cabinet was all black and the front of it was divided into four equal sections. Two were speakers and the other two panels were black with a painted design on them, the same design on each panel. Since the motif of the set was supposed to be Oriental, that explained why there were these birds

painted in white and blue, on the panels. He liked them a lot, but he realized that each panel was painted with the same bird design and that hundreds and thousands of these "unique" stereo sets had probably been turned out. He didn't mind that so much because then lots of other people could see the same pretty design. It might have been nicer if some little old craftsman, deported for Lithuania for being a nice guy, had painted them with care and love. Anyway, above the stereo on the wall was an ink drawing of a tiger a girl he had known once had given him when they were seeing each other. It was a lousy painting and he wondered why in hell he hadn't thrown it away before now. The frame was brown and he really liked the frame. He got it for about a week's salary in this frame shop on 5th Avenue. He had liked all the curlicues on it. Maybe that's why he had never thrown it away or even thought of throwing it away until now. On one side of the ink drawing was a copy of Vermeer's "Girl Weighing Gold." It was only a photographic reproduction, but God did he like the way Vermeer could make that light look like it was dancing on tip-toes secretly through the window as though it were sneaking up on the girl in the bonnet to catch her unawares. On the other side of the ink drawing was another photographic reproduction, but this was of Masaccio's "Tribute Money" which was in the Church of the Carmine in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence. He had never been to Florence, but he had read some books on the subject of Florentine art in the Renaissance and he had really been impressed with Masaccio. "He died when he was only twenty-six but in his short, yes, pitifully short life, he revolutionized the concepts of art for all time to come." The books had said something like that about him, but despite what they said he seemed to be from the way he painted an interesting fellow.

At the other end of the room, opposite the stereo, he had put up two cupids on the walls, facing each other. They were black also. They looked like they were standing freely in the air hovering against the wall. Each was made of bronze and each had a dolphin in his hands and each one had a foot extended behind him like he was making a half pirouette. He got them in a lousy shop on 7th Avenue which he liked very much. His landlady had almost pissed Geritol when she heard him pounding on the wall trying to get those heavy naked cupids to stay goddam put.

Besides that there was this copy (everything he had was a goddam copy) of a sketch of Rembrandt of a terribly old man for which he had paid the sum of $10.50. He liked it because the man looked so really old and because he looked like he *knew* he was really old and that it certainly wasn't a joke for him. He hoped he never got that old, but if he did, he figured it would probably be better to feel it with the same intensity that this old guy must have. No wonder Rembrandt wanted to draw him. He probably saw him in some market place and went right up to him without even thinking twice (Rembrandt was a brash guy) and told him he wanted to sketch him. The only other things he had on the walls were two matching fans his father had framed and brought back from Japan when he had gone there on a tour he won from his company for selling more stockings than anyone else in his department over a five-year span.

On the floor there wasn't much to catch the eye. There was a sofa, a rug, a few small tables and a couple of heat ducts. In his ice-box he kept large quantities of club soda because he liked to mix it with Scotch. He thought there might be some celery, but he hadn't noticed the past few weeks if it was still there or not. On top of the ice-box there was plenty of Scotch and some bourbon

just in case someone dropped by or he ran out of Scotch before he got paid on Friday. There was no stove but there was a hot plate that he never used. Except to cook popcorn. His bathroom was just off the kitchen and his "bedroom" was really part of the kitchen, but there was a blind he could draw between them when he had a girl, even if there wasn't a door.

He had plenty of good clothes because he figured he spent more time out of his apartment than in it. He also had the neatest cuff links in town. He was sure of that. No one had better or more varied cuff links than he did. He was always having a new pair made for him out of something he picked up somewhere. Like the time he got friendly with this girl who did a lot of scuba diving. As a present she had given him a pair of small "sea beans." They were pretty precious to her. These sea beans only came from Africa. They grew only by the ocean on low sea bean trees the boughs of which drooped over above the water. These little sea beans would fall off into the water and if you were very lucky you might find one or two in your lifetime provided you could recognize the rare little things and provided you happened to dive in Florida near the Keys which is the only place you can hope of ever finding them. They were quite small and shaped much like a coconut with its husk pulled. There were even the three little holes near the top that reminded you of a coconut. When you shook a sea bean you could hear the seed rattle inside it. She said it showed how evolution progressed and plant life spread round the world because it got all the way from Nigeria or where over to Florida without sinking. So he had taken these two sea beans to this shop and had them made into cuff links, his 937th pair. People were always asking him about those damned sea beans.

What he was going to feed Jill for dinner started to come to his mind. It was either run down to the store and buy something that looked like he spent all his extra time (of which of course there was supposed to be a lot) in the kitchen, like so many devil-may-care bachelors, or take her out someplace and bring her back here later.

She came at the right time.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," he said, closing the door behind her. "If I lock the door will you scream?"

"If you don't lock it I'll scream."

"Have a seat."

"I already do," she said. "God, wasn't that corny?"

"Yes."

"Nice place."

"Oh, do you really like it?"

"Not really."

"Do you really like me?"

"Aw, what kind of a first-date question is that?" said Jill.

"You're right, of course."

"Of course," she said, smiling.

"Let's not go through that again."

"All right."

"I'd offer you some grass because it seems to be the thing right now, but it is a little early, and cocktails always seemed a little more cozy to me, if that doesn't sound too old fashioned?"

"An old fashioned? I'd love one," she said, putting her shoulder bag on

the coffee table and sitting down.

"Scotch and soda?" he said, moving towards the ice-box-bar.

"Can't stand the stuff, but I'll take one to be polite." She smiled.

"I never know if you're serious or not," he said from the ice-box, reaching to his bar on top of it. "I hope you're just being flippant."

" 'Flippant?' That's it, flippant."

"Let's see now. After our drink – here's a bourbon and water – after our drink, I could bring the gourmet dinner that I've cooked myself from my vast store of imported foods because I'm a man of leisure and wealth, out by the fireplace and we could lie on the floor and dine daintily *à deux* while we sip some superb Chablis that came from my father's private stock. Does that suit you?"

"I don't even *see* a fireplace."

"Wait fifteen minutes. You won't see dinner either."

She laughed.

"Be at ease, my dear," he said. "I know a delightful little place around the corner where we can get the quaintest meal. It's called the Camelot Restaurant, and every single recipe is purported to have been secretly handed down from cloudy Arthurian times to a little old lady who now lives in remorseful poverty on Staten Island. It's this way, you see. Some speculator bought all the recipes from her for a hundred and eighty-three dollars which amount she needed desperately not too long ago when her daughter, who had been misled twice and had as many illegitimate children to boast as souvenirs, had to undergo a miracle-cure operation for her leukocytosis. The recipes were then sold for eight hundred thousand dollars and this guy from Arizona who made his million or more selling (what else?) sand piles to suburban parents for their kids to play in, well, he opened up this joint. Would you like to go?"

"I've always wondered what Arizona was like this time of year."

"No, to the restaurant."

"Why not?" she shrugged.

"Precisely. Why not? Well, let me put it this way: if you have a handy eight hundred thousand dollars you'd like to drop on this nifty investment I've lined up at the silly small cost to myself of *only* one hundred and eighty-three dollars, I can tell you just the thing to do . . . "

She laughed again.

"Are you amused?" he asked.

"I am amused," she said.

"Tell me, Jill, are you as shallow as most of the people I know, including myself?"

"Don't be silly, you're not shallow. That was a platitude. You're one of the most honest people I think I've met in years. Of course I don't really know you, or about you. I'm guessing about important things from the little things that I've known you long enough to notice."

"Thanks . . . but, while we're being honest . . . well, I guess I could talk about lots of things . . ."

"I bet I can think of the one that's dominant in your mind. You're thinking sex. I know you're thinking sex. And how long it'll take you. Or how long you think I'll let you take. And take your hand off my arm."

"Well, you needn't be quite so cold about it, Jill. What I was going to ask you was not quite that . . . well . . . quite that *fundamental.*"

"Well, to be quite honest about it, I would like very much to seduce you. Or even vice versa. I'm not proud. But I was wondering if you prefer me to make my move before dinner, or after dinner? I realize I ought to decide and make my move, and ordinarily I would, but I'm giving in a little to the women's lib movement by asking which you prefer?"

"Which do you prefer?" she asked, looking a little as though she came into the wrong apartment.

"Well, if neither of us is a glutton, which I can tell you're not, if only from circumstantial evidence, and I know I'm not, I like after dinner better."

"Why?"

"I had a feeling you just might ask that question. After you've had a little food in the tum you get this feeling of well-being. I think a psychologist would make too much of what I'm saying, so I'll just say that it keeps your mind off wondering when it'll be over if you're particularly hungry. When you're hungry, well, you're hungry, and it's pretty hard to keep your mind on sex if you've got this queasy feeling in your stomach."

"I'll be polite and agree with you."

"Good, and some people you know almost always skip lunch and breakfast so they get pretty hungry around this time. . . "

"All right."

"And it would give you plenty of . . . "

"Yes. Yes, let's go eat then; it's fine with me."

"Now before we go, you realize that when we come back I will expect, my psychiatrist told me, when I could afford a psychiatrist, that it was normal to expect, to be rewarded for all the attention I lavished on you before I tried to seduce you."

"A hamburger is lavish attention.?"

"You're getting par*ti*cular," he said, waving his finger.

"Isn't all this you're saying pretty much taken for granted by most people our age who go out to get something to eat? I mean, isn't it 'tacitly understood between the party of the first part and the party of the second part'?"

"That's the goddam *problem*: it's always been so goddam *tacit*. For once I want to *talk* about it."

"Ooh," said Jill.

"Are you trying to screw me up?"

"Depends on what you have in mind for me," said Jill coquettishly.

"Well, you have a point there," said he, coming down now.

"Am I to be, *af*ter we eat of course . . ?"

"Of course . . . "

"An object of desire, pure hot desire?"

"An object of desire?"

"Yes, an object of desire."

"Well you can't go into bed figuring the best will come out of it. I would derive, hummm, derive, yes I would *derive* great pleasure from sleeping with you, that's true, but I would be enjoying you as an object of desire. How would you enjoy me?"

"Who said I would?"

"Well, I naturally assumed . . ."

"That I would enjoy you as an object of desire?"

"So that makes us both marble idols in some shop window," he said, throwing himself onto the sofa beside her. "At least it's one itty-bitty understanding in the big wide world."

"Maybe it is. Are you absolutely sure of what you're talking about?"

"Maybe I am, maybe I'm not. Let's go, shall we? Fred Astaire used to say that in his movies all the time. 'Let's go, shall we?' I don't think too many people our age know too much about Fred Astaire."

"I don't."

"To be honest with you, neither do I. I don't really know for sure if he really used to say, 'Let's go, shall we?' He might just as well have said, "Shall we go?' That sounds a little better when you stop to think about it. Of course he may not have been there to begin with."

"Let's not stop to think about it."

"All right." He opened the door.

"What in God's name are those cuff links?"

He closed the door behind them.

"Oh, these? They're called 'sea beans.' There's really a very interesting story connected . . . "

Winner of the W. L. Pugh Short Story Contest

Edward Hinson

Minds spanning distance
groping searchlights lacing blackness
penetrating the obscure
reaching, touching
probing, pulsating recesses
electric tenacles locking
Embracing briefly
uniting apart

James E. Seegars, jr., Ph.D.
Chairman, Department of Psychology
Wofford College

COMMENTS AND IMPRESSIONS

B. F. Skinner's recent book, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity,* will soon find its proper resting place on the bookshelf of libraries and in the storage rooms of bookstores. On the other hand, the research findings that were eventually to lead to the writing of this book will remain a major influence on our way of life for years to come. Consequently, any effort at a critical review of the text itself must account for both the literary impact of the book as well as the years of data that went into its makeup.

If any average citizen – perhaps one somewhat skilled in literary endeavors- were to read *Beyond Freedom and Dignity,* he could with reasonable talent review and criticize the style, the writing skills, the philosophy, and the inference being communicated. He could do this in a manner similar to the laymen who criticizes a book describing the geophysical properties of the black holes of space – from an emotional or literary point of view.

On the other hand, however, if the reviewer's intentions are to criticize the research findings of Dr. Skinner, of course he must only do this with answers from his own laboratory or by dealing directly with the data.

Thus far, the critics of *Beyond Freedom and Dignity,* including Vice-President Agnew, have all depended on emotional appeals for their criticism rather than data. It is perhaps pertinent that objective researchers, with the possible exception of orthomolecular psychiatrists, have not as yet presented contradictory findings nor made any suggestions that they might likely do do in the immediate future.

Dr. Skinner is a scientist but has perhaps overstepped his bounds by drawing inferences and creating situations that are derivatives from his data rather than reporting them directly. For this he is vulnerable to criticism. His research findings, however, should be criticized by someone who can refute Skinner's data by experimentation or by the presentation of new findings. If one reviews experimental journals in the fields of psychology and behavior, he will be impressed with the massive array of substantiating data and the total absence of contradictory findings.

While the thoughts may appear a bit presumptuous, one must remember that Darwinian theory was pretty thoroughly criticized. Further, the discoveries that the earth is not the center of the universe and that man is not the center of the solar system are still repugnant. So it is no small wonder that the Skinnerian premise that man is eseentially a highly evolved and highly complex biochemical computer, is equally devastating. On the other hand, pretending, no matter how skillfully done, does not make things so. As Wooldridge (*The Physical Basis of Intelligent Life*) suggests " . . . the trend of scientific discovery . . . is that in the mid-twentieth century, such overwhelming evidence finally exists that the boundary separating the physically explicable fringe phenomena of living organisms from the nonphysical core has been pushed inward until no core is left." "We have learned how behavior . . . will probably be completely accounted for when we have adequately developed our understanding of the properties of the complex switching networks that underly the operation of brains . . . "

Data from the laboratories of Skinner and others decisively show that behavior can be shaped, influenced and modified by reinforcement schemas. And, when conditions are fully controlled, it is a totally predictable event. Consequently, the major thesis that Skinner writes is not that we must all yield as puppets in a controlled society, but rather that it is the wise man who knows the contingencies that control him and thus accounts for and controls his reinforcers.

As suggested earlier, it is not difficult to write a critical review of *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*. In fact, I am sure Skinner would recognize it as highly reinforcing because it enhances (thus rewards) both the writer and the reader. This unfortunately is a modification of the old "neurotic paradox" in which we perpetuate an error because it is more "rewarding" to maintain the error. On the other hand, if one will accept reviews of Skinner's book as a function of how well they present contradictory findings or how validly they present contradictory information, then the reader can find a similar reward through the power of his observation.

Wooldridge closes his book by suggesting, "Society profits when its members behave more intelligently. And men who know they are machines should be able to bring a higher degree of objectivity to bear on their problems than machines that think they are Men." Skinner's plea is a simple one. Know well the things that control your life because these are the roadsigns which spell your success or destruction.

(Editor's Note: Dr. Seegars' Comments and Impressions *were originally planned to appear against a negative essay on Dr. Skinner's book.)*

Bobby Jonte

THE MAN OF THE STEPS

The bleak grey steps at the depot were splintery and carried the lingering odor of cheap wine. The Sunday afternoon sun blazed with an orange color as the whipping wind raised tiny swirls of dust by the bottom step. Upon the top step sat a small man with a blue and white engineer's cap tilted on his head. The blue denim jacket was zipped up to his neck and the collar was turned up so that the curls of white hair from underneath the cap hung over it. The long sleeves of the jacket were buttoned tightly around his wrists. A thin leather belt was used to hold his worn jeans snugly against his sagging belly. The cuffs of the jeans partially covered the dirty scuffed, brown boots. He pulled his left hand from the jacket pocket and scratched his red unshaven face. The little finger of his hand was twisted into the right and then the left nostril with a fluid motion. In his right hand he held a small pocket knife with which he began to clean his dirty fingernails. As he completed his rough manicure, the knife slipped from his grasp. "Shit", he said, as he reached down to pick it up. He returned the knife to his back pocket. As he stood up, he pulled fifty-eight cents from his pocket. It was the exact price of a pint of *Hog Head Wine*. He jingled the coins in his hand and spat as he hopped off the steps. The cool November wind blew an empty *L&M* cigarette package across the road as he walked to more wine, women, and song; wine, women and song; song, women, wine, wine, wine wine wine wi

MEDITATION IX

I would like to write a book, but fear of its creative genius, its understanding, hinders my doing so. However, I would like to let you know how it really renders me helpless.

This is not so commonly unusual. Not so, because recently this has been proscribed as a way of life. It is unusual, however, in that you are involved. Being a person of such a capacity has made it difficult to befriend you. It has been more than just a challenge.

Life has many treasures of which some are more cherishable than others. Having met you has been one of life's most cherishable ones.

I have aspired for the perfect relationship – so often sought, after, but less than often captured. In this Utopia, I long to be near you. To be constantly into your mind, probing into it and finding in its deeper domains, the inner uncertainities. I hope to help you find yourself, and in so doing, foster an understanding of my self.

Yes, I will go away with you. I will transcend with you the realms of humanity to a desolate hiding place and contemplate our blissful togetherness. Your presence has rejuvenated the splendor of youth within my bones, and invigorated the charms of passionate adoration.

To know you is to love you, but to stop there would be like stopping when the battle is half won – stopping half way renders the whole useless. You are invaluable in the sense that you have come to be someone special and different: someone to spend time with; someone to drink insipid tea with, someone to chat with early into the mornings; someone to gaze upon and say in admiration of the creation, "What a wondrous sight to behold!"

I will love you whenever and wherever we shall meet. This has not sprung from malice or greed, but rooted deep in contemplation and humility. I will not promise to love you always because inevitability ordains such. Someone equally as sincere as you will encroach upon me and capture my heart as you did, and I will fall to their succumbing pleas.

But I will promise to love you until the blood stops rushing through my veins pushing the love for you throughout my body, and until you stop providing me with reasons to repeatedly long for your friendship. I will continue to love you.

I know that this is not as lasting as starlight, or the brilliance radiating from the moon, but I will treasure each precious moment wherein thoughts of you linger within my heart and soul.

Sara Ellis

A strange shadow falls upon a tranquil sea,
shattering the new well defined images there—
as a man peers deep into his soul;
Searching for a question
for problems without answers,
always seeking never seeing
where the problem really lies.

The sea reflects from up above
yet underneath the surface
there lies the inky murkiness
of a man's unconsciousness.

BORROWED FRIENDS

Grey fur coats
covered by blonde hair
camaflouging
bloated eyes
from
malted beer.
Wrinkled necks
choaked by orange beads
matched with
plastic rings
from
worn-out daughters.
Flora's house
dazzled with flashing lights
attracting
preacher's friends
with
loaded pockets.

THE FEAST

Light flashes
and dark cannot see
Friends being snuffed candles
of burnt
Discontentment,
While hope comes with beatitudes
of
smothered
adherent
prejudices.
Tastes of Love are accompanied
by Heralds of false
Remission.
The Feast has just begun,
Stay,
Join the Multitudes
And Rejoice in their
Accomplishments.

Jim Gover

SOFT GOODBYES

soft goodbyes
and tonight's hopeful wishes for another
tomorrow—
together?
Maybe not . . .
It's of little concern to me,
for I know that our affection
can bridge any amount
of uncertain time.
But for a moment—
a brief, transparent minute
absorbing its way into our embracing souls,
we part for the evening
with a final kiss . . . .
And the temporary seems eternal.

SUMMER HIGHWAY

boredom—
Caught in the untiring notes
of a time—spending 33 1/3 RPM album
slipping through the radio

Maybe it's a daydream
cycling through the mind
As the license plate parade rolls
in rhythm
on a sleepy asphalt highway

I place a tired face
in a head—framed dusty mirror
and know that I'll not get
there———today

Mark Reed

Love is foul
and so is
Life
Isn't it?

Come eat with me
the
fruits of
impulse.

We will savor the seeds
together
and remedy the
world.

Come with me,
please:
I'm in
Love.

When I met my twin,
she was young
and I
was so in love.

Her eyes gleamed like
two
great moons.

And I . . .
I just looked
at
her.

Love
a better sight
than
one kitchen chair

Caught my boyish
imagination,
And I was a
couple.

CINDY

Sitting . . .
Where water falls.
Where was
she?

There
beside

There
Beside it,
Adorning
Nature.

She's there.
Look around,
Look under you,
above you.

She sits
Where
Nature
lies.

Under the
Frolicing
Squirrels
in love.

Mark Reed

THE BEACH

What is the beach?
Not water
Nor sand
nor a place to fish.

Why
we go
each April and June
my parents don't know.

Yet the high school kids
in a multitude
herd
to the beach but, why?

A week or more no one swims,
not even me.
What makes us go back, they ask
The sun if not the sea.

My friends and I escape from home:
We go alone to
grow.

WARD NO. 6

'day and night he grieves,
shaking his head, sighing
and smiling bitterly.!

Round conception of Earth and Air
baits the mind
with peaked mountain and tapered tree,
ignorant of edged and serpent sea,
grasping Earth-Bottom –
just as perched bat
quiescently pursues sleep.

But where might live
GOD and Friends
able to nurture such a bulb
with mountains and trees and retarded seas
in need of rain
from Above?

Round conception of Earth and Air
flouts the mind
with Pyrenees boulder, razed timber earth thuds,
and dauntless Genoans
and suggestions of apples

DECIMATED

by primitive Canton rocket claps
and wing intentioned brothers
and capsuled Friendship.

But where might sojourn
God and friends
able to monitor such a sphere
with mountains and trees and
retarded seas
in need of rain
from Above?

Round conception of Air and Earth delights the mind with suncentered infinity painting black on cold

disturbed only
by moaning death stars
above

John Hooe

R. S. V. P. (to Meinrad)

One
dry
needle
after
another

clicks its end
among fancy paper gifts;
an offering sapped of joy
as quickly as sugarwater-spikes
draw forth
the last wasteful gushes
of life-blood.

On simple, branched trunk
complimented not even by twelve,
evergreen cones,
remains only the pining,
hand crafted work of embellishment.
A work of love
first faithfully mounted
for all people to see.

And atop,
an angel shines round about.
Her majestic aura,
chanced on one dry needle upon another,
slandered by crusty red of
aging ornament,
softly filters mantel scenes
of swaddling clothes
and tender corpses of proud young pigeons

penetrating the nightwalls
with good tidings of great joy.

Winner, collective second place, A. J. R. Helmus Poetry Contest, 1972

YOU NEED ME

How many times a day
do you wipe
the condensation of my memory
from the window of your thought?

Like Mondays after the wek end
I come back to stand
in the shadow of your uncertainty.

Inclining on the wall of perhaps
you see-saw
from our side to yours.

I've seen you
drift down the street
like an inconsistent cloud.
Your fireplace crackles
and snaps:
you need me.

Winner, first place, A. J. R. Helmus Poetry Contest, 1972

THE BATHER

Hardly out of her dreams she goes
wading into the sea
after shedding her snake-skin clothes.
Water legs around her ankles
and breaks around each knee,
sneaking up around her thighs and waist

fluid, and stroking slowly
tender as a lover's hand.
Sliding, seamless, silken, holy,
as transparent jade sea-plains
slip from sea to sand
and jewel her ivory body with sun-specks.

Mark Reed

CONTINUITY

A dulling orange
Sun
Says good-
bye.

As day
dies
Another
forms;

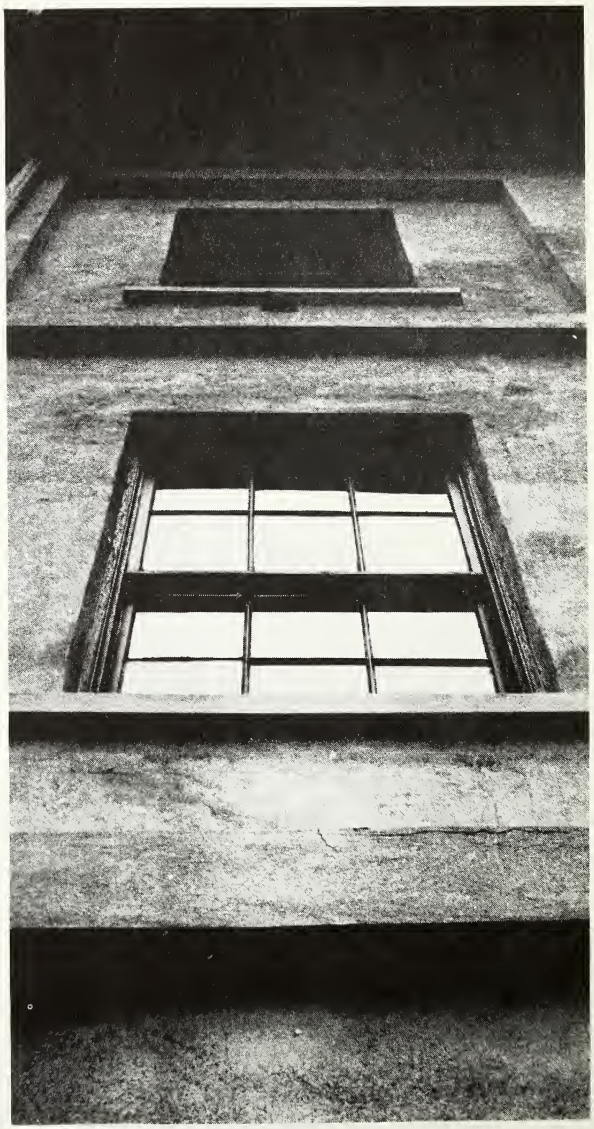
The seasons,
like revolving
doors,
Will never cease.

People are alive . . .
Children play
Gaily . . .
Families grow.

As nature
miscarries
into
continuity.

Winner, third place, A. J. R. Helmus Poetry Contest, 1972

NO PARKING
THE APPROACH
PLEASE



The cover is a photogravure reproduction of "Hamlet and the Gravedigger," P.A.J. Dagnan-Bouveret, artist. It represents an example of late 19th century illustrative engraving, an area the Editor feels is too much neglected. The reproduction is taken from Character Sketches of Romance, Fiction and the Drama *by the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D (New York: Selmar Hess, MDCCCXCII), which is very profusely illustrated with such engravings.*

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